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CHRONICLE.

Political Speeches, &c. **M**R. ASQUITH spoke in Fife on Friday week, and represented himself as in the highest spirits about the Home Rule Bill and everything else. He is, in fact, *battu et content*. Everything was well. The retention of the Irish members was capital, and it would have been equally capital if they had not been retained. The Irish were perfectly satisfied (it is true that the Irish say they are not, but Mr. ASQUITH knows better). The finance matter is all right. The Second Chamber matter is all right. Everything is all right, with the best of Bills as framed by the best of Ministries, which includes the best of Home Secretaries. "And I'm going to have some, I am," as the small boy said. But Mr. ASQUITH is happier than the small boy, for he is not going to have some, he has got it. And as he pretty certainly would not have got it if it had not been for Mr. GLADSTONE's conversion to Home Rule, he has the best of reasons for his satisfaction.

He spoke again, at Ladybank, on Saturday, to another section of his constituents—who, by the way, do not seem to be so universally satisfied with Mr. ASQUITH as Mr. ASQUITH himself, and whose indulgence in the unpleasant practice of heckling has once or twice a little ruffled his self-satisfaction. It is unnecessary to devote much attention to the Panglossian parts of his speech. But he deserves a word of praise for the clearness of his language in reference to the dynamiters and the coal rioters. He deserves it all the more because of certain utterances at no distant period from that of his speech. Mr. REDMOND, in Ireland, was arguing that "prisoners of war ought to be given up"; but, as Mr. REDMOND's party makes no prisoners, and gives no quarter, we do not quite see how the exchange is to be effected. On the other hand, the Social Democratic Federation was demonstrating in London, and calling for vengeance on "ASQUITH the Murderer," the proudest title of a statesman in such months.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made a rather odd speech to the country brewers on Monday. He denounced the Government Local Option Bill, but indulged in the tenderest reminiscences of his own little plan of five years ago, and the unkind reception it met with. It seemed to him that the matter would probably be solved by a private, not a Government,

measure. But, as the country brewers would probably much prefer that it should remain unsolved, it may be doubted whether they felt extremely grateful to their distinguished guest. On the same day Mr. REDMOND threatened that, unless the Government resumes the Home Rule Bill, and takes up the Evicted Tenants, he and his nine votes must no longer be counted on.

There was a good deal of political speaking in England on Tuesday, but nothing of the first importance. In Ireland, however, there was an important meeting at Belfast—the first assemblage of the Ulster Unionist Delegates—which was addressed by the Duke of ABERCORN, Colonel SAUNDERSON, and others. Mr. DAVITT's application for a certificate under the Bankruptcy Act was refused, very properly. Mr. DAVITT's conduct, indeed, has not been quite so bad as that of Mr. O'BRIEN. But the idea which seems to be prevalent among Irish and Labour members of Parliament—that you may fight contested elections, lodge and defend petitions, bring libel actions, and so forth, on the terms of "If I win, all right; if the other fellow wins, I sha'n't pay"—cannot be too quickly and thoroughly dispelled.

On Wednesday Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL spoke again, and, perhaps, more characteristically than ever, at Yarmouth. The SPEAKER at a Warwick Court Leet dinner made an interesting speech on the traditions and responsibilities of his office.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. On the afternoon of yesterday week news came of the first engagement in the Matabele campaign. It was not in much detail; but was to the effect that all the three columns of the Company's own troops had been engaged with one or more impis at INDAIMA's Mountain, a place about half-way between Fort Salisbury and Bulawayo, in the difficult koppie-studded country described by most travel-books. Only one casualty was reported, but that unluckily turned out a fatal one; Captain CAMPBELL, late of the Artillery, who had been shot in the leg, succumbing to the effects of the necessary amputation. One column was said to have accounted for 100 Matabele, but telegraphic communication was again imperfect. There was no change in the Russo-French revels or in the silver deadlock in the United States Senate. The British fleet had left Taranto, after a very satisfactory visit, on its way to Spezia.

Some, but not very full, details of the fighting with

the Matabele were published on Monday morning. It appeared that the brush reported earlier was not the repulse of a Matabele attack, but that a force (not very strong) had been caught retreating, and with some loss had managed to get away. The funeral of Marshal MACMAHON had been celebrated with great pomp at Paris, and there was more revelling at Toulon. The intended festivities at Spezia in honour of the British fleet had been arrested by the death of Lord VIVIAN. It was said that a compromise had been arranged in the American silver question, the purchases to continue for a year only, all the silver bought to be coined instead of being kept in bars, and the small notes now in circulation to be withdrawn *pari passu*.

Such news as came from Matabeleland on Tuesday morning went to show that the fighting there, so far, had been of a very preliminary character. It was said, however, that the chief INDAIMA, at whose "moun-tain" the fight was erroneously said to have occurred, so far from attacking the columns, had actually come over to the Company—news which, if true, was of considerable importance. Also it was said that LOBENGULA was dividing his forces, and that while one portion was to meet the Company's troops, the other was to take the offensive against Major ADAMS and KHAMA. In this case the Lord hath probably delivered him into our hands. Sir GERALD PORTAL had arrived at Zanzibar from Uganda, all well. Some particulars were also published of the Mahomedan outbreak, which was stopped by the coalition of the "Catholic" and "Protestant" parties, and of the firmness of Captain MACDONALD. There was still reveling in France, the British fleet had been cordially welcomed at Spezia, though actual festivities were put off till after the funeral of Lord VIVIAN, and something of an additional counter-note to Toulon and Paris was also sounded at Dresden, where the "Military Jubilee" of the King of SAXONY was celebrated in the presence and with the assistance of the EMPEROR, nor without some talk of "drawing swords" and some presentation of Marshals' bâtons. Count TAAFFE, in the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, so far from withdrawing his Reform Bill, had explained why he adhered to the principle of the measure, "in spite of the opposition of the three great political parties." The Marquis DI RUDINI, in Italy, had attacked Signor GIOLITTI's programme, and the Silver compromise in America was not prospering.

On Tuesday afternoon a rather inconsiderate stir was made, which was not entirely quieted on Wednesday morning, by the assertion that Sir HENRY LOCH had addressed something like a "To heel" to Mr. CECIL RHODES in the Matabele matter. This we discuss fully elsewhere. The Paris fêtes had come to an end; but Lyons was about to take up the wondrous tale, which, moreover, was a-telling *en permanence* at Toulon. Other news was flat and petty.

Nothing very definite came from South Africa on Thursday morning. An unfortunate incident at Tati, wherein some Matabele indunas, alleged to be on a mission from LOBENGULA in the company of the well-known Bulawayo trader, Mr. DAWSON, had been roughly handled, and two of them killed, was not fully explained; nor was the singular fuss made over Sir HENRY LOCH's very simple action. Lord VIVIAN had been buried with much pomp at Rome; and if it be true that a French Vice-Consul failed to run up his flag to salute Admiral SEYMOUR, we can assure the French nation that the British "HIPPOCLEIDES does 'not care' one jot. The American Admiral at Rio had been removed for paying too much courtesy to Admiral DE MELLO.

Toulon and Spezia were monotonously merry yesterday morning; a reported hitch in the Anglo-French negotiations as to the Mekong was denied, though

Prince HENRY of Orleans was talking in his big and youthful way. There was no news from Matabeleland.

The Coal Strike. Yesterday week the St. Helen's colliers, armed with a sense of the justice of their quarrel, also with roburite cartridges, endeavoured to blow up the house and family of a foreman, but hurt no one.

Monday's strike news was rather varied than important. There was much controversy as to the actual receipts of the miners when at work; but a simultaneously published resolution in Lothian, that at the old rate only four days a week shall be worked, throws more light on the question than volumes of argument. The fact is that the coal trade is at present overmanned, and that these unnatural means of alternate strikes and limitation of work are adopted in preference to reducing the *cadres* to the proper limit. And if the curse of ANANIAS is on any one, it ought to be on agitators who declare that their dupes are only earning so much a week when they themselves forbid the said dupes to work more than two-thirds of that week. Durham had determined to take the owners' offer of a five per cent. advance for three months; while the Somersetshire miners, abandoned by the Federation in which they trusted, were taking to something like the old Irish practice of "coshering" by roving about the country and living at free quarters on the public.

By Tuesday morning Mr. PICKARD, for the miners (or, rather, who is "the miners"), had, as was expected, shuffled out of the proposition that some plain facts should be got by consent about his clients' wages; the Six Mayors, wise in their generation, had declined to meddle any more in a matter where their good offices had been practically, though civilly, rejected by both parties; and London prices were still going up. The only cheering sign was that a small body of men, at Pinxton, "under military protection" (to the disgrace of the country, be it said, though it would have been still more to its disgrace if that protection had not been given), were going to work at the 15 per cent. reduction. Lord BOWEN and his colleagues, having got such evidence as they could in the Featherstone matter, had adjourned the inquiry (which, by the way, has gladdened the hearts of Continental Socialists as a concession to their views) *sine die*.

There was not much news on Wednesday morning. Lord VERNON had opened his pits at the old rate, and the protection to the Pinxton miners had been effectual.

On Thursday, also, fresh pits were dribbling in, and there were talks of parley, the colder weather cutting, perhaps, both ways. It makes the unfortunate consumer, no doubt, more ready to pay extortionate prices for coal; but, on the other hand, it makes the owners more anxious to secure those prices, and puts the men out of conceit with their favourite amusement of lounging about public-houses, or taking spunging and blackmailing tours among their neighbours.

Yesterday morning there was more talk of a Conference; and most significant light was thrown on the wages question by the refusal of the Staveley colliers to go back at a fixed wage of seven shillings a day.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the PHELANS—husband and wife—accused of the most persistent and wanton cruelty to their two small children, were convicted at Chester, after some disagreement in the jury, and sentenced, the man to six, the woman to nine months' imprisonment, with hard labour—certainly not too heavy a sentence, assuming their guilt. The same, or something more, may be said of the sentence of twelve months passed by Mr. Justice CHARLES on the men who, in pure devilry, threw a policeman into the river, where he narrowly escaped drowning, three months ago. This kind of violence by night prowlers, murderous, or at least indifferent to murder, has

hitherto been more common in Paris than in London; but, unless our judges stiffen their backs a little, we shall have it acclimatized here. Every ounce of weight that the law allows ought to have been put on the penalty in this case, if the men were guilty, and a year is far too much if there was a doubt of their guilt.

On Tuesday the Courts opened after the Long Vacation, the LORD CHANCELLOR held his usual reception, and the judges subsequently met to arrange business under the presidency of Lord COLERIDGE. The trial of the "Indian Oculists" began at the Central Criminal Court.

On Wednesday the inquiry into the Bath skeleton case was resumed in the milder form of an inquest. Another was held at Chester on the body of a man killed in fair and, as it would seem, provoked fight by a "coloured person" named SMITH, on whom the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter with sympathy. Sir PETER EDLIN gave the young Anarchist CONWAY, who tried to redistribute property by breaking windows and stealing rings, eighteen months and a very sound and sensible lecture, which may be summed up thus:—"You call yourself an Anarchist, and you are 'just a common thief.' A remarkable libel case against a Major of Volunteers turned chiefly upon the construction which it is lawful to place on the fact of a man and a maid 'disappearing together into the 'bracken.' This is, indeed, an instance of that over-estimate of 'publicity' which the late Mr. ARNOLD used to deplore. In the end, it was fortunately decided that for two persons to 'disappear into bracken,' or other partially or completely opaque material, is not conclusive evidence of immoral conduct; that the plaintiff's character was unstained and the aspersions on it libellous, but (unluckily, and very hardly, for her) that they were also privileged.

Correspondence. The secondary education and scholarship question was continued on Monday by two Headmasters, Mr. BELL, of Marlborough, and Mr. WELLDON, of Harrow.—An interesting plea has been put in by Lord MONK BRETON, and endorsed by the very high authority of Mr. SCLATER, for the regular preservation in Africa, as at present in India, of the elephant as a beast of burden. And, indeed, "My 'Lord' is a useful, as well as an interesting, beast, though a thought crotchety and robustious at times.

The London County Council. On Tuesday the London County Council had to bewail its loss of the Aldermanic services of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, and voted (but by a narrow majority, and with a proviso that no expense should be thrown on the rates) the acquisition of a large part of the site of Millbank for the erection of workmen's dwellings on a great scale. The site, by the way, is generally recognized as one of the most unhealthy in London; but this, of course, does not matter.

Racing. The two principal two-year-old contests on the first day of the Houghton Meeting, the Troy and Criterion Stakes, were won in somewhat hollow fashion, Priestholme running clean away with the first, and Matchbox, who was made a still greater favourite, winning the Criterion in a fashion even more decided at the finish, though not so incontestable all through. Perhaps the most interesting race of the day, however, was the Limekiln Stakes, in which Orme appeared for the last time before going to the stud. He had a great task set him, which was to give no less than thirty-three pounds over a mile to Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S Childwick. But this, though he ran well under his ten stone, he could not do. And so there departed from the Turf a horse as to whose merits there has been, and still is, more difference of opinion between experts than any other has excited for years.

There were good fields and fair racing in the minor contests on Wednesday, but the interest attaching to the Cambridgeshire was more than usually paramount. Seldom recently have there been more good horses engaged in proportion to the field (twenty-two), and the betting indicated the utmost uncertainty whether light-weighted animals like Lord DUNRAVEN'S Molly Morgan, with her six stone and a half, or La Flèche under exactly three stone more, or some other, of performances and advantages between these, would win. There was, however, never much doubt after the start about Molly Morgan, who, strongly held back for a time, went ahead directly she was let out, and was never touched till she won by four lengths. Raeburn was second, and Prisoner third; the Frenchman, Callistrate, whose recent disposal of Buccaneer had caused him to be much thought of, La Flèche, and others being in the ruck.

The most interesting races on Thursday were the Dewhurst Plate and the Free Handicap Sweepstakes. For the former, the winners of the Troy and Criterion Stakes met, not only each other, but Jocasta, who had run second to the unbeaten Ladas and one or two more. Matchbox, with a good deal the worst of the weights, repeated his performance in Tuesday's race, Jocasta and Priestholme being widely-spaced behind him. In the Free Handicap Le Nicham also won well from Son of a Gun, Xylophone, and others.

Miscellaneous. This day week there was unveiled in Lasswade Churchyard, near Edinburgh, a memorial to DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, who certainly deserves memorials as well as another. It would have been better, no doubt, if he had not taken those notes of BEN JONSON'S conversation, or, taking them, had done it with more sense of humour and in a more genial spirit. But he wrote some charming verse, and had sound principles, if not exactly a heroic way of showing them.

It was announced on Tuesday that Christ's Hospital would be closed this week, partly in consequence of an outbreak of scarlet fever, but mainly because "its 'sanitary condition rendered its further continuance 'for residential purposes impossible.' A pleasant piece of irony on this very sanitary age, wherein a building, which in unsanitary ages has bred up youth healthily enough for hundreds of years, becomes impossible for residential purposes!

Many Diocesan Conferences, and the Archbishops' Quadrennial Visitation, at Canterbury, have been held during the week; while the Nonconformists of London took thought for its spiritual needs at the Mansion House on Wednesday.

Obituary. Lord VIVIAN, English Ambassador at Rome who died this day week, had not held that post long, but had been engaged in the service of the Foreign Office, either at home or abroad, ever since he left Eton forty-two years ago.—The Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH was an unfortunate person, and one with whom, though he was in the last degree unwise, it was impossible not to sympathize to some extent. That we were perfectly justified in annexing his kingdom when he was a small boy there can be no doubt; and an uncommonly tough job we had in doing it. Nor did we deal unhandsomely with him; for forty thousand a year and no claims on it is not "deaf 'nuts." Where we were really unkind was in trying to make an English country gentleman of him. He played the part at Elvedon, on the Norfolk and Suffolk border, for a considerable number of years, and then broke down. That he wanted more money was probably only a symptom; the real disease was that singular reversion to savagery, or semi-savagery, which has so often shown itself in Europeanized Asiatics, Africans, and Americans, from POCAHONTAS to DHULEEP SINGH himself.—Dr. KNOX, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, was

a man of 86, and had for seven years held the See of Armagh—where, indeed, he had been a kind of informal coadjutor during Dr. BERESFORD's last years.—Mr. KING was an actor of the older school, the traditions of which he illustrated till his retirement, some years ago, in a very sound manner. He had acted in London at times, but was better known in the provinces.—Dr. SCHAFF, a German-American Biblical student of some eminence and considerable age, was not unknown in England, where not a few of his many books had circulation. He was erudite, but not exactly scholarly; and had little critical faculty.

Books, the Some books of considerable interest have Theatre, &c. appeared during the week, the *Letters of James Russell Lowell* (OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & Co.), and a very agreeable little volume of *Bay Leaves*, or Translations from Latin Poets, by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH (MACMILLAN), being, perhaps, the chief.—Mr. BURNAND's *The Orient Express* was produced with success at Daly's Theatre on Wednesday night.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE AUTUMN SITTINGS.

IT is somewhat amusing to note the utter indifference with which the Parliamentary business to be resumed next week is apparently regarded by Ministers and Ministerialists alike. The talk of both is confined entirely to the question of what is to be done next year. The PRIME MINISTER discourses ambiguously thereon at Edinburgh; the HOME SECRETARY perambulates Scotland, endeavouring to outdo his master in the obscurity of his references to it; the Gladstonian newspapers seem to find it the only topic worth discussing, when they can pluck up spirits to take stock of their political prospects at all. No doubt it is vastly more interesting than the matters which Parliament is reassembling to dispose of on Thursday next. Still, having regard to the fact that Parliament is reassembling to dispose of them, and this after only a few weeks' respite from a most exhausting Session, it is scarcely decent on the part of Ministers to ignore them altogether. Either it is of public importance to pass an Employers' Liability Bill and a Parish Councils Bill during the Session of 1893, or it is not. If it is not, the Government have been guilty of a wanton disregard for the convenience, not to say the health, of their fellow-members in unnecessarily dragging them back to Westminster in the first week in November, after having previously kept them hard at work there for more than eight months of the year. If it is of public importance to pass these Bills before the House rises in December, the Government might at least have condescended to afford the country a little more enlightenment as to their supposed merits, and as to the Ministerial view of their more debateable provisions, than the earlier preoccupations of the Session permitted. Even if the only purpose of passing these Bills be, as it is pretty well known to be, to save a Ministry of All the Benevolences from the reproach of an absolutely unfruitful Session, they might at least have paid themselves, if not the country, the compliment of assuming that this in itself is an object of public importance, and have honoured it with a certain amount of discussion accordingly.

The reason, no doubt, or one of the reasons, for their neglect of the business immediately before them is that they regard it as already virtually completed. Likely enough, if they for a moment contemplated the possibility of their two ewe-lambs of legislation being snatched from them, there would be a more or less marked difference in their tone and attitude and the subject-matter of their oratory. They are taking it for granted that both the Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill will pass, and pass without

serious difficulty, if not without substantial change. For are they not "uncontentious" measures—measures which both political parties stand equally pledged to pass? And does not the blessed word "uncontentious" imply, among its happy connotations, that their opponents are bound to pass both Bills in whatever form the Government choose to insist upon, under penalty of being held up to public odium for "obstructing" popular legislation, if they make any endeavour to assert their own views on matters of detail? These, however, are two widely different questions, and in their tacit answer to the latter the Government are too complacently assuming the very point to be proved. It may be admitted that the principle, both of the Employers' Liability and the Parish Councils Bills, is accepted on both sides of the House; but how far that fact implies acceptance of either measure in its present form remains to be seen. It is already known that even the smaller and simpler of the two contains at least one important provision which will be strenuously opposed by a section of the Gladstonian party themselves; and the Government will be promptly called upon to state whether they regard this provision as holding of the principle of the Employers' Liability Bill or as merely an organic detail. Hitherto they have characteristically refrained from giving the faintest indication of their views on the clause forbidding employers and workmen to contract themselves out of the Bill, and on the amendment by which Mr. MACLAREN proposes its omission. Probably enough, they have no views to indicate and are simply awaiting a sign from the oracle of their cat-god PASHU. If that sacred animal leaps in one direction the clause will be part of the principle of the Bill; if in another, it will be only an "organic detail." Should they arrive, however, at the former decision, they will have, as Lord SALISBURY has already warned them, to reckon with the House of Lords. Their Bill in that case will inevitably come back to them with the clause struck out, and they will have to choose between a surrender on the point of principle and accepting another defeat at the hands of that legislative body who "represent nothing but themselves," yet who strangely enough will again be found occupying a position in which they will command a very considerable measure of popular sympathy and support.

And if thus it appears that all is not plain sailing even for the smaller and simpler of the two measures which are to be dealt with during the next six or seven weeks, the prospect before the larger and more difficult is still less clear. The adhesion of the Opposition to the principle of the Parish Councils Bill carries us but a very little way. It really means no more than that the Unionist party cannot oppose the logical development and completion of the system of Local Government founded by themselves five years ago; or, in other words, that the establishment of the County Council has to be supplemented by the creation of subordinate administrative bodies for the district and the parish respectively. But how the powers of these bodies are to be defined and limited in relation to the County Councils, and how to be apportioned as against each other—these are questions on which the Opposition retain the fullest freedom of action; and, retaining that freedom, they will deem it their duty, we cannot doubt, to offer an uncompromising resistance to certain proposed devolutions of authority to the Parish Councils. What the result of this action may be we will not attempt to predict; but thus much at least is clear, that, unless the Government promptly give way on these points, it will be fatal to all hope of a smooth and expeditious passage of the Parish Councils Bill. Weeks pass rapidly enough when serious conflicts of this kind arise in Committee on any

important measure; and, with the short time at the disposal of Parliament, Ministers will hardly obtain any very plausible pretext for raising the cry of "Obstruction!" even if the near approach of Christmas should find them confronted with the alternative necessities of abandoning the vote-catching provisions of their measure, or being compelled to drop it altogether through lack of time.

The case standing thus with regard to what may be called the fixed engagements of the Government, there still remains to allow the usual margin for the unforeseen. No Parliament ever yet met and separated, however short its Session, without having discussed a good many more matters than were set down in its programme; and from the point of view of time alone this consideration is, in the present instance, one of unusual importance. Ministers have not much of a reserve out of which to "find a day" for any one who possesses or asserts a right to claim this privilege, be he the Leader of the Opposition himself, or merely a troublesome Ministerialist. Indeed, it is not unlikely that, before we get to the first week in December, the Government will be not too well able to spare even the hour or two of an afternoon which may be required for the purposes of a motion for the adjournment of the House. One more or less formal debate of at least a night's duration it will hardly be possible for Mr. GLADSTONE to avoid. He has got a "law-and-order" HOME SECRETARY who occasionally comforts, and who has recently been comforting, the squeamish members of the party by the assurance that he never, never will show a weak clemency to dynamiters. A law-and-order Home Secretary, indeed, is the only luxury, besides that of a "spirited Foreign Minister," which he allows himself; but both of them, like all luxuries, have to be paid for. Mr. GLADSTONE has to bear the grumbling protests of his anti-Imperial Radicals against the political extravagance of keeping a spirited Foreign Minister; and his Irish will assuredly remind him that no patron and ally of theirs can expect to be able to indulge in a law-and-order Home Secretary for nothing. The Government will have to answer to their Nationalist supporters for Mr. ASQUITH's utterances of Roman virtue in Scotland; and the answer cannot, as we have said, be given with decency in less than a night's debate. But there is a much darker Irish trouble hanging over another Minister; and Mr. MORLEY must be even a better sleeper than most Ministers of equal virtue if his slumbers are not occasionally disturbed by dreams of Mr. REDMOND and the Evicted Tenants' Bill. To refuse the introduction of any such measure will not strengthen the hands of his Anti-Parnellite allies in Ireland; to bring one in and hang it up would be a little too broad a farce. To introduce it and make anything like a serious attempt to pass it would be to bid good-bye to all other legislation.

STREET MUSIC.

CONCERNING street music, as practised in the streets of London, there has been an outpouring of angry or plaintive letters in the *Times* which ought to strike a sympathetic chord in the London County Council or the Vestries, if a public body possesses a corporate conscience or heart and ear. Mr. H. H. STATHAM describes in eloquent terms the sufferings caused by the unrestricted liberty enjoyed by organ-grinders. All that the law allows the unhappy householder, maddened by the horrible din of the grinder, is the power of ordering the removal of the performer from his house front, and of giving him in charge of the police on refusing to go. Mr. STATHAM lived in a street that swarmed with organ-grinders. As soon as one was removed, another succeeded, and as each had

to be dealt with separately, as the law decrees, Mr. STATHAM had a busy and harassing time. His experience is precisely that of many thousands of peaceable people who would shun the delights of organ-grinding and live laborious days. Not every one, however, racked though he be by the hideous noise of these instruments, is qualified to encounter successfully these street musicians. They are often extremely abusive, and they hunt in couples. Should you be driven to give them in charge, it may be that you will have to catch them. A case of this kind came before Mr. VAUGHAN at Bow Street this week. The complainant was disturbed in his work between ten and eleven of the clock, one night, by what is facetiously called a piano-organ. A forte-organ were its proper designation, and forty playing like one was the sound of it. He requested the men to move on, and they impudently refused. He then went in quest of the police, and the moment he appeared with a constable the grinders fled. Fortunately, they were captured, and Mr. VAUGHAN sentenced them to pay a fine of fifteen shillings each, or enjoy the silence of a cell for the space of ten days. So far, the result is satisfactory. But we agree with Mr. STATHAM that the law which compels householders to spend valuable time in such arduous and exciting pursuits is entirely unsatisfactory. The regulation of street music and other noises ought to be in the hands of the police. In foreign countries, as Mr. STATHAM shows, the matter is more or less under efficient control, performers of street music holding licences from the police in Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and other cities. In London, alone, as Mr. STATHAM indignantly observes, is perfect liberty allowed to all kinds of voices and instruments, by day or by night, to afflict the nerves and ears of busy people.

What is required is not so much a system of licensing as an effective system of regulation. A plea for licensed street music is something very different from a demand for its regulation. It is conceivable that licences, though they may lessen the number of street musicians, may intensify the nuisance. The holder of a licence will certainly insist upon obtaining his "pound of flesh." If he is restricted, like a policeman, to certain beats, he will claim his victims as now, and their agonies, if briefer, will be more acute than now. But something might certainly be done to prevent the general invasion of London streets by itinerant musicians, and to alleviate the misery they cause in quiet quarters. Were a system of licensing adopted every quarter of London would have its favoured practitioners, for it would be impossible to inaugurate the new order excepting in a liberal spirit with an equal distribution of favours. Licensing may prove, in time, less advantageous than other forms of regulation. It may possibly produce a more intolerable state of things. Thus the people of Berlin, according to Mr. STATHAM, have ceased not to complain of the music of their streets, and no further licences are now granted. Professor STANFORD advocates the wisdom of compromise. Certain districts or streets, occupied chiefly by men of letters or art, who work in their homes, might, he thinks, be protected altogether, or at stated hours, from the operations of vagrant musicians. Professor STANFORD declares that the street band is even more harrowing than the street organ, and quite as difficult to deal with. He complains that for three mornings in the week he is interrupted by a street band, and the process of removing that street band is as lengthy as the band's programme. HOGARTH'S "Enraged Musician" is vividly recalled to us by Professor STANFORD'S account of his troubled mornings and his unequal conflicts with a stubborn and profane band. When we hear of sick people suffering in this way, and of a gentleman who "actually died to the strains" of a street band who had refused to stir from under

"his windows," we cannot but approve of Professor STANFORD'S condemnation of the present state of the law. Such atrocities decidedly call for prompt and strict legislation. Both bands and organ-grinders seem to take a malicious delight in tormenting the ears and nerves of sensitive people. They persistently haunt the quietest streets and roads, where their victims chiefly reside, just as HOOD'S street-singer, whose voice had all LABLACHE'S *body* in it, was wont to select the most silent and studious thoroughfare to bellow his appropriate song, "I have a silent sorrow here." It is idle, we are convinced, to discuss the question of free-trade in street music from an æsthetic point of view. We do not dispute what is generally admitted. The majority of people are absolutely indifferent to street noises, and music to many ears is but one form of noise among many. "A Hopeless South African" is a frank representative of the majority. He confesses that he loves a barrel-organ; and by implication, as his letter shows, is insensible to sonatas, and not to be charmed by SPOHR. Those who complain of the horrible results of unregulated street music do not wish to rob the poor man of his barrel-organ. But there should be no great difficulty in securing the rights of the minority by some scheme of regulation which would gratify "A Hopeless South African" at the same time. They might enjoy the desired relief, and he might monopolize the superfluity from which they suffer.

"THE STUPIDEST PARTY."

THE *Quarterly Review* pays, in the opening pages of its current number, a just tribute to the sagacity and knowledge of its editor during the last twenty-six years, the late Sir WILLIAM SMITH, to whom, in a great degree, it is owing that, under changed and more difficult conditions, the Review has maintained the intellectual superiority and the political authority which it won and kept under GIFFORD and LOCKHART. The first sentence of its concluding article, "The Dis-honoured Bill," which deals not so much with Mr. GLADSTONE personally as with his Home Rule measure, is perhaps a sign of the inter-editorial period. It would possibly not have escaped the correcting eye of Sir WILLIAM SMITH if he had survived to read the proofs. The often, and incorrectly, cited description of the Conservative party as the Stupid Party is as incorrectly attributed to JOHN BRIGHT. Mr. BRIGHT was likely enough at one time of his career to have said something of the sort. He had a copious collection of adjectives of moral and intellectual contempt which he reserved for the Tories. But he lived to revise his judgment of men and parties. In his later days he was fond of proclaiming that he had always been a Conservative, as Mr. DISRAELI was a Liberal, in the true sense of the term; and at a public meeting he disavowed the designation of Radical, which he declared he had never applied to himself. It was not, however, JOHN BRIGHT, but another JOHN, who used something like the phrase referred to by the *Quarterly Reviewer*. In a note to the chapter on the "Representation of Minorities," in his essay on *Representative Government*, Mr. J. S. MILL described the Conservatives, not absolutely as the stupid, but comparatively or superlatively as the stupidest party; and that because they did not appreciate sound Conservative principles, and see that in Mr. HARE'S scheme democracy provided a check upon its own excesses.

The passage awoke the ostensible ire, and perhaps the real satisfaction, of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, who was mentioned in it as a shining exception to the stupidity in question, and an example of a Conservative leader who understood Conservative principles. He chal-

lenged Mr. MILL on the subject in the House of Commons, in one of the debates on the Reform Bill of 1866. Mr. MILL, expressing regret that he should have used words which might seem wanting in politeness to a great political party, distinguished. He had not said that Conservatives were generally stupid, but that stupid people were generally Conservatives. In addition to their share of the ability of the community, the Conservative party, possessing the larger part of its stupidity, was by the law of its existence the stupidest party. "And I do not see," Mr. MILL went on, "why honourable gentlemen should feel that position at all offensive to them, for it ensures their being always an extremely powerful party." Mr. MILL'S position was that Conservatives were stupid because they were not Conservative, and did not understand the extreme rationality of Conservative principles.

By way of balancing his estimate of the two parties Mr. MILL admitted that, if stupidity had a tendency to Conservatism, sciolism and half-knowledge had, in some degree, a tendency to Liberalism; but the advantage was not so great. "There is an uncertainty about half-informed persons. You cannot count upon them. You cannot tell what their way of thinking may be. They vary from day to day, perhaps, with the last book they have read." They were, therefore, with difficulty managed. Stupidity, on the other hand, was persistent, and, marshalled by able leaders, was a great political force. The distinction between the two classes does not seem to be between stupidity and its opposite, but between two different kinds of stupidity—between an unthinking levity which is carried to and fro according to the last impulse given to it and an immobile dullness, between a wanton and aggressive folly and an apathetic one. The stirring and blatant fool is usually more dangerous in politics than the silent and obstinate one; an active than a passive unreason. The former, being stirring and aggressive, too often drives on its leaders; the latter is at worst too slow to follow them. After all, the merits or defects of Conservatism and innovation are relative, depending on the things to be maintained or overthrown. If the Conservatism which resisted the establishment of the existing order was stupid, the Conservatism which would maintain it may claim to be reasonable. But, putting aside the party question, the political intelligence which uses the *vis inertiae* of human nature to maintain a stable order until change has become unavoidable is often of a higher order than that which rushes headlong and blindfold into a change too haphazard to deserve the name even of experimental.

LES MARINS RUSSES.

THE visit of Admiral AVELLAN (or AVELANE, as the French prefer to call him) and his officers to Paris has closed in an agreeable manner, with hearty thanks on the part of the guests and equally hearty good wishes on the part of the hosts. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of both parties. Whatever the Russian sailors may think of the value of a French alliance (if they think upon the subject at all), they can have no doubt that they have been received with a hospitality which has not only been lavish, but also infinitely ingenious. The Russians might have been as kindly and as sincerely welcomed elsewhere, but nowhere else in Europe would the same skill have been shown in supplying them with a series of varied and always artistic shows and amusements.

The Russian officer who found that pleasure was pushed to the point where it became toil was perhaps right. A man must have an insatiable appetite

for pleasure if he can sacrifice his "watch below" for a whole week in order to get it, and not feel the cost. Still Admiral AVELLAN and his subordinates must be strange Russians, and sailors, if they have not a kindly recollection of the hosts who have enabled them to play "JACK ashore" under such unparalleled circumstances, and have loaded them with presents as well as with affection. Not the least pleasant of their reminiscences will be, we imagine, those dinners of which the menus were punctually published by the French papers. When in future cruises they are rolled to starboard and to larboard while the galley fire can barely be kept going, those officers and men may think "avec attendrissement" of the whole week during which they lived on *Carpes au Chambertin*, *Quartier de chevreuil Souvaroff*, *Champignons à la crème*, *Ballotines de ramereaux à la gelée*, *Faisans flanqués d'ortolans*, and washed these things down with floods of Mouton-Rothschild, Musigny, and the champagne which the soul of the Russian loveth. To have such an extraordinary lark as this has been, and to serve your country too, is not given to many men.

As for what it all means—on that point we shall be greatly surprised if most sensible men and Russians are not agreed. It is a very long time, nearly a generation, since France has had a good reputable excuse for a hearty national "bombance." She likes these things, and has suffered for the want of one. Now a decent excuse, indeed a very creditable-looking excuse, has come in her way, and she has taken it. Emulation has had a good deal to do with the magnitude of the reception of the Russian sailors, as every Frenchman has burned to show that he could do better than another in welcoming the representatives of the "friendly nation." But there has been more in it all than desire for a holiday and love of ostentation, more in it than the surface good nature which makes most Frenchmen anxious to be socially agreeable. It is the nature of the French to be as timid and eager for sympathy in adversity as they are arrogant and overbearing where they know themselves to be the stronger. Since the dreadful beating they got in 1870-71, the French have been very nervous about their isolation, and the chance there was that the heavy-footed Germans, who had first outwitted them and then thrashed them, would do as much again. That they had any share themselves in provoking that war, or that they are safe as long as they remain quiet, are propositions which Frenchmen will never really accept. The Russian alliance has given the French a feeling of security that they will not find the Germans invading them for nothing at all, and treating them exactly as if they were a common beaten nation, as they did in 1870-71. Therefore the French rejoice, and are very good to the Russian sailors. It must be allowed that their language has been commendably free from any tone of provocation to the third parties whom all this French and Russian affection is designed to warn. As for the alliance, it stands where it did before, on the identity of French and Russian fears and hatreds, if not interests. Whether it will ever go beyond a defensive understanding must depend on considerations which have nothing to do with fêtes at Paris. They may appear to eloquent emotional gentlemen to indicate an alliance of the heart between France and Russia. Eloquent emotional gentlemen never will learn that the populace which shouts Hosannah to-day shouts Crucify to-morrow.

THE LITERARY WEST.

"WILD he may be, so are our b'ars; rough he may be, so are our buffaloes; but his proud answer to the tyrant and the oppressor is that his bright home is in the setting sun." These beautiful

words, which we often repeat in moments of emotion, remind us of Mr. HAMLIN GARLAND's article on "The Literary Emancipation of the West," in the *Forum*. There is, it seems, a healthy literary emulation among the great sections and cities of the American Republic. "As a literary people," said the late unprincipled EDGAR POE, "we are a vast perambulating humbug." Wild words; for LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, HAWTHORNE, EMERSON, PRESCOTT, were all alive and busy. Now, of course, the names in contemporary American literature (especially of the West) are much higher than these. Seven cities contended for the defunct HOMER, and "Boston and New York are debating which has the most literary men," all alive! "The West and the South are rising to say 'Pool your issues,'" remarks Mr. GARLAND, in the language of the West, for the West has a language as well as a literature. We do not know what pooling issues may mean. SHAKESPEARE could not have known, nor WASHINGTON, nor, perhaps, even LONGFELLOW. But we, of course, and the Eastern States, talk a kind of dead language. The speech of the West is living, and Heaven it knoweth what it may mean.

However, to possess crowds of literary men is a noble object of ambition. Perhaps we might still prefer quality to quantity, and ask how many magazine scribes go to make half a genius. At home our local pride is not so self-assertive. Kirriemuir is not, we understand, a large city; but it may crow over Dundee, and Galashiels, and even over Glasgow, as far as possessing a literary man goes. Yet we do not hear Kirriemuir proclaiming "the literary emancipation of Forfarshire." They seem to take it easily at Kirriemuir. Mr. GARLAND, on the contrary, in the name of emancipation, taunts New York with her debt to Ohio in Mr. HOWELLS, and to Indiana for the priceless boon of Mr. EGGLESTON and Mrs. CATHERWOOD; while "Georgia is made illustrious by JOEL HARRIS and "RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON," probably of a Dumfriesshire clan. Arkansas sends ALICE FRENCH—the thing is becoming a trifle absurd. The names of FRENCH and JOHNSTON do not yet shine so brightly in the galaxy of fame, we say so with every respect for their amiable and accomplished owners. This is precisely the kind of talk which, if Galloway or Pembrokeshire uttered it at home, we should call provincial. It is not a writer's birthplace that makes him a genius. Mr. HOWELLS might have been born in Indiana, Miss FRENCH in Tennessee; a large town attracts writing people, and all this noise and emulation is childish. A place of old literary traditions, like Boston, may encourage a man of genius or talent; but it cannot make him.

The West, then, is going to make culture just here. But where are her writers? "In the shadow where WHITTIER and EMERSON were born." If they are not born yet, if they are in ante-natal gloom, we cannot do more than wait for them. But "the writers have already risen." Then why lead us to think that they are only welcome little strangers, or not even that? Where are they? "They need only a channel for utterance." Are there not printing-presses; and has Heaven not made great magazines? The West really must have something to show before she can join in the competition with Boston and New York. Its literature "has the rough-hewn quality of first-hand work." The best work in all arts is "first-hand," and is not rough-hewn. The absence of a comb does not necessarily mean genius; and defective grammar, or lumbering prose, or slang about "pooling issues," is only a mark of bad taste or defective education. That rudeness means strength is a very old delusion; here we seem to meet it once again. The Western literature "has but few of the Old World limitations. It is free." Free from

what? from decency, grammar, rhyme, reason? "The West is not English." No; it is very mixed. Its literature "will be something new; it will be, and ought to be, American—that is to say, a new composite." Very well; put the new composite on the market. "You're always saying you're going to do it; then do it," says TOM SAWYER. Mr. GARLAND'S literary West is like Mr. SNODGRASS'S; it takes off its coat, very slowly, and announces that it is "going to begin." We want to see it begin; not to hear prophecies. Scotland did not say she was going to begin when she produced FERGUSSON, BURNS, SCOTT; she began. "The literature of the West will not be dominated by the English idea. It will have no reference to TENNYSON, or LONGFELLOW, or ARNOLD." This is charming, we need something new; but when are we to get it? Men and women are dying without seeing the new composite. The new composite, when manufactured, is to be "in accordance with the fundamental principles of good writing—that is, it should seek to attain the most perfect lucidity" (see Mr. ARNOLD), "expressiveness, flexibility, and grace," "sweetness and light," in short. We are all wearying for the new composite, which, after all, will only attain the mark at which all good work steadily aims. But the West purposes to "discard your nipping accent, your nice phrases, your balanced sentences," and so on. The West's sentences are to be unbalanced, and its phrases are not to be nice; such is the new composite.

What does all this mean? Can it possibly signify no more than that Eastern magazine editors do not often accept the articles of Western literary gentlemen? So it strikes a foreigner; but when the West does begin, and does not merely mouth about its intention to begin, we shall know better.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND LICENSING.

THE intense boredom which must, sooner or later, weigh on the most determined political speaker who has to find something to say on the never-ending Home Rule question must, we cannot but think, have had a large share in determining Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to speak on the Licensing-laws at the dinner of the Country Brewers' Society. That, and perhaps a flash of vivacity on the part of the old ADAM, who saw a chance of making a telling little dig at the members of a Cabinet which did not treat Lord RANDOLPH quite to his satisfaction. We guess at the influence of this motive from certain remarks, more notable for their accuracy than for a spirit of brotherly love to his fellow-Unionists, which Lord RANDOLPH made on "the mess" produced by the late Cabinet in its effort to deal with licensing in its Local Government Bill. It was a mess, indeed; but it would have been kind, and not unbusinesslike, in the speaker not to revive the memory of it at the present moment. The subject, and indeed the whole matter, of licensing cannot have been quite agreeable to his hearers, however appropriate to the occasion. Lord RANDOLPH has, indeed, assured the *Times* that the Brewers cheered his observations on the necessity of reform. They could not well do less than cheer their guest at intervals; but with how much more pleasure and volume of sound would they have cheered an authoritative assurance that the question of licensing was never to be meddled with again.

The Brewers would have been perfectly in the right, too, unless there is to be a great change in the manner of doing the thing. Lord RANDOLPH did his best on Monday evening, and since then in his letter to the

Times, to draw a distinction between his own Bill and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S. It may be allowed that, of the two schemes, his was the less absurd, since it required a vote of two-thirds of the registered ratepayers, and not merely a majority of two-thirds of those who chose to vote, to prohibit public-houses in a given district. Yet the principal merit of this proviso is, in our eyes, exactly what Lord RANDOLPH has since discovered to be its defect—namely, the probability that it would turn out to be inoperative, since it would be very difficult to induce two-thirds of the ratepayers of any district to disturb themselves for the purpose of voting on the question. We hope it is not a proof that we take an unduly low view of human nature, when engaged in brewing, to suppose that the Brewers' preference for giving the power to two-thirds of the adult residents can be accounted for by the supposition that such a constituency would be even less likely than the registered ratepayers to vote for prohibition. Neither Lord RANDOLPH nor the Brewers take the trouble to explain on what principle two-thirds of any constituency are to be entitled to forbid the other third to have a glass of beer.

Neither does Lord RANDOLPH give his reasons for thinking that the County Council, working with two-thirds of the adult residents, would do the work of controlling the issue of licences better than it is done now. This he takes for granted, but it is just what ought to be proved. We are sure that his scheme would be less likely to bring about any conceivable kind of improvement than to produce the very evils which he justly thinks would follow from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S. It would bring the drink question into every detail of local government as far as the Bill worked at all; it would chequer the country all over with districts in which public-houses were prohibited and others in which they were encouraged. It would put work which ought to be done by a perfectly independent authority into the hands of men dependent on the voters. What it would assuredly not do would be to keep one single drunkard in the country sober for an hour, when he wished to become drunk. What, then, would be the good of it; or what is to be gained by talking of licensing now, when the Separatists will not, and the Unionists cannot, deal with it? Nobody knows, not even Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

THE ULSTER DEFENCE UNION.

TO the average indifferent British elector—to him, that is to say, who ignorantly assisted, by his vote of last year, to further a scheme of national dismemberment which he is now ashamed of having lent a hand to—the meeting of the Ulster Defence Union at Belfast last Tuesday ought to be, if it is not, a very surprising, and, on a longer contemplation, a decidedly abashing spectacle. For, although the worthy citizen to whom we have referred has, in a certain sense, repented of his criminal heedlessness in helping back to power a statesman whom he knew, or might have known, to be negotiating the sale of Great Britain, its safety, honour, and welfare, to an Irish faction, he is not a penitent in the proper canonical or disciplinary sense of the term. Most assuredly he has not yet brought forth, and we cannot feel as confident as we could wish that he ever will bring forth, fruits meet for repentance. To all appearance he seems to be lapsing, after a few pangs of conscience, into much the same state of indifference in which he was when he committed his sin. After languidly confessing that he ought never to have assisted to render it possible for a combination of Radical groups to inflict the insult of the Home Rule Bill on the Imperial

Parliament and the British people, he has proceeded to indemnify himself for this very mild form of self-abasement by promptly forgetting all about the matter. And whether, by the time of the next elections, the memory of his wicked folly in 1892 will not have so far ceased to trouble his conscience as to leave him almost ready to commit it over again, is more than any one can certainly say.

But if anything could shame him into a serious politician, if anything could cure him of the appalling levity with which he treats political issues upon which his whole future and the future of his children's children depend, it would be a comparison of his own attitude and behaviour with that of his Loyalist countrymen in Northern Ireland throughout the present year. While he was still reposing on his foolish confidence in the political conjurer whom he had just engaged on his pledge to perform a fresh set of impossible marvels, these shrewder, sterner, harder-headed specimens of the Briton were quietly preparing themselves for the worst. When the revelation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S legislative monstrosity struck his English supporters dumb with impotent consternation, the Irish Loyalists simply met together, and spoke out in measured, but unmistakable, language their fixed determination not to bow their necks to the Fenian yoke. And now, while the English elector, on its becoming certain that the Home Rule Bill would not pass the Legislature, has been for some months past flattering his moral weakness and indolence with the reflection that the immediate danger to the Union has passed, the men of Ulster have throughout that same period been silently, but indefatigably, busied in preparations against the contingency of its recurrence. Clearly these are a set of men who take their politics seriously, like their fathers before them; of men who are not swayed hither and thither by successive waves of hope, fear, and uncertainty, but who have taken a firm grasp and can keep a steady hold of the central fact of the situation. It would be hard to give more impressive evidence than is to be found in the fact that at this moment, when the mass of the English electorate are, no doubt, thinking of anything or everything but Irish Home Rule, the 600 delegates of 170,000 Irish Loyalists have met to review the results of some three months of patient labour in the work of defensive organization—of labour not suspended, or even for a moment checked, by any change in the shifting phases of the Parliamentary struggle.

Is it too much to hope that the moral effect of this spectacle on the mind of the British elector will not be wholly transient? Is it too sanguine to count upon some survival of it, even down to the infinitely remote date—say twelve months hence—of the next election? We trust it may not be so, because it is the enlightening and sobering influence of the attitude of the Irish Loyalists that should operate most potently for the conversion of the English Gladstonians of 1892. If, at last, they have been convinced that these men are not the mere noisy swashbucklers that insolent English Radicalism represents them, but true descendants of the race who have upheld the power and honour of England against the overwhelming forces of Celtic and Catholic hostility for three centuries, then the English Gladstonians may at last believe also—what they have been so often, yet hitherto so vainly, assured—that Gladstonian Home Rule will bring not peace to Ireland but a sword, and that whatever else they might be voting for, in once again supporting it, they would at any rate be voting for disruption and civil war.

A TOO IMPARTIAL ADMIRAL.

THE case of Admiral OSCAR STANTON, U.S.N., is one which may be described as the exact reverse of that of the caitiff angels who attempted to stand neutral. He, on the other hand, has offered an impartial recognition to both sides. What DANTE thought of the angels we know. What he would have thought of Admiral OSCAR STANTON, U.S.N., it is difficult to say. The United States Government has had no hesitation. It has ordered the Admiral to haul down his flag, to hand over the command to the senior captain, and to return home.

The action of the American Government is, no doubt, strictly correct, yet we cannot but believe that it has treated its officer somewhat harshly. Admiral STANTON has, no doubt, committed an indiscretion. As the officer commanding the United States' ships in Rio harbour, it was very irregular in him to give Admiral DE MELLO, who up to the present is only the leader of a naval *pronunciamiento*, the formal salute which ought only to be given to the recognized chief of a State or his representative. His act might, certainly, have been made the text of a remonstrance on the part of President PEIXOTO, and have been considered as calling for an apology from the United States. Officers who put their Government in annoying positions must expect to be brought up with a round turn. And yet we think, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that Admiral STANTON has had hard measure. He was sent to Rio with orders to maintain an attitude of strict impartiality. At Rio he found himself in this position, that he was between a Government which was set up by a *pronunciamiento* only the other day and a *pronunciamiento* which is now endeavouring to set up a Government. The address of any Government to any *pronunciamiento* in Spanish or Portuguese America might be modelled on a formula not uncommon on tombstones:—What you are I was, what I am you will be. The circumstances were such that Admiral STANTON could not stand at a distance and wait to learn whether MELLO would throw PEIXOTO, or PEIXOTO MELLO. He was compelled to have personal relations with both. How was the desired attitude of strict impartiality to be maintained? If he treated PEIXOTO as the Government and MELLO as a not yet successful rebel, he was manifestly taking sides. Moreover, he might have given reasonable cause of offence to MELLO, who says that PEIXOTO is an intrusive impostor, and that he, MELLO, is the real voice of the people. If he treated MELLO alone to salutes, the feelings of PEIXOTO might not unfairly have been outraged. One can conceive how a puzzled admiral might have paced the quarterdeck, gravely turning these things over in his mind, and might well finally arrive at the result attained to by Admiral OSCAR STANTON. Seeing that between Quadroon CÆSAR and Mestizo POMPEY there is so little visible difference, why make any? Why not salute both? It was a natural, and even luminous, solution. Admiral STANTON took it, and acted upon it—with unfortunate results for himself, as we see. His attempt to play the absolutely fair-minded man has eventuated (as they say in his own language) in an order to haul down his flag. It is, we repeat, harsh measure to give to an officer who has at most only been guilty of indiscretion. And it appears particularly severe when one remembers how many persons there are in the world who have got quite a handsome reputation for impartiality, philanthropy, and what not, for exactly the same kind of conduct. There is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question; let us treat both alike, is a rule of conduct which has earned many a man renown for moderation. It is hard that it should have brought an order to haul down his flag, and the accompanying loss of pay

and allowances, on Admiral OSCAR STANTON. We are very sorry for him; and we also wonder how far the fact that Admiral DE MELLO is suspected of monarchical sentiments accounts for the severity with which Admiral STANTON has been treated. If PEIXOTO had been monarchical, and MELLO Republican, it is at least just possible that the United States Government would have been satisfied with wiggling its too impartial naval officer.

THE MATABELE WAR.

IT may not have been precisely obvious to the plain man why such a hubbub should be made in the papers about the telegram received from Cape Town on Tuesday afternoon. That Sir HENRY LOCH, as HER MAJESTY'S representative in this part of HER MAJESTY'S colonies, must have at least the last, and probably also the first, say in any arrangement with native chiefs occupying territory which is practically part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions, appears to be a very self-evident fact. It happens also that this control is specified in the charter of the British South Africa Company; though, if by any means the specification had been omitted, it would be "understood" according to all the rules of sovereignty and government. Therefore, the protests which have been uttered by the Chartered Company's friends, the indignant replies from the friends of the Government, to the effect that it never could have done anything so foolish, and the rest, savour slightly of the unintelligible. As usual, however, the not wholly intelligible is by no means the wholly unaccountable. There is a great deal of jealousy, both at the Cape and elsewhere, of Mr. RHODES'S predominant position; there are trade and Stock Exchange interests at stake; there is the old half-amiable, but we fear more than two-thirds idiotic, fear that something wicked is going to be done to the blessed "aborigin," as one of his great defenders used to call him. And we should not be surprised if there exists a certain uneasy feeling that on board a ship of State, with Mr. GLADSTONE for captain and Lord RIFON for officer of this particular watch, anything may happen, and that the anything is rather more likely to be something disastrous and foolish than otherwise.

We are unable, however, to find any fault with either the home or the colonial authorities if it should turn out (as seems likely, if not certain) that the cause of this disturbance was nothing more or less than a friendly hint from Sir HENRY to Mr. RHODES that the Governor intends to govern, and that things of this sort cannot be settled entirely off even a Chartered Company's bat. It is sometimes said that it is very unfair to interfere with men who are taking their lives in their hands and bearing the burden and heat of the day. But this is fallacious. Not only must the QUEEN be in all cases and causes supreme over the QUEEN'S subjects, but, as a matter of fact, much of this very campaign is being borne by the Bechuanaland Police, an Imperial force. The Company could never have assumed the offensive, as it has, if it were not for the strong diversion made by Major ADAMS and his men to the south. And it should be remembered that it was matter of common comment before this bolt from the blue that the Colonial Office and other Government departments appeared to be singularly unfurnished with news from the flying columns. We must say that, with the telegraph wires open, much more precise intelligence might have been expected than was received about the fighting on the border, about the very unlucky affray at Tati, and about the whole affair generally. There may have been no intention to smuggle and hustle the matter through as much in hugger-mugger as possible; but

even the appearance of such an intention should be avoided. It would be entirely natural, and not in the least objectionable, that in such a state of affairs Sir HENRY LOCH should quietly remind Mr. RHODES that he—Sir HENRY—must be reckoned with, and his journey to Mafeking would be equally natural. Also, while it is quite possible that, as that extremely intelligent person, Mr. HAWKSLEY, the solicitor to the Company, says, the telegraphic exaggeration of this hint is a thing devised by the enemy, more absolutely unlikely things have happened than that it was devised by some of Mr. HAWKSLEY'S friends to create a revulsion of popular feeling in the Company's favour.

No such revulsion ought to be required if things are going as well as the rather scanty news we have had represents. And we, at least, have no need to disclaim the very slightest sympathy with the ill-conditioned grumbling at the Company which comes partly from jealous rivals, partly from the old leaven of native-coddlers and non-interventionists. It is true that the successes advised yesterday week turned out (as, indeed, persons accustomed to reading between the lines of telegrams no doubt perceived they would) to be rather slight. There had been no Matabele attack in force at all, nor any "repulsing of impis"; and what had happened seems to have been that a certain number of the enemy, escorting cattle homewards, had fallen in with the advancing columns, but had got away with no heavy loss. There was more importance in the news that certain of LOBENGULA'S outlying chiefs had surrendered, or shown signs of surrendering; for that would mean a pretty certain break-up. But the real truth is, that up to yesterday morning the news did not warrant any decided conclusion, except that, for this reason or that, the Matabele did not care to take the offensive among the koppies of the border.

ARCACHON.

THE faculty of doing nothing is one of the rarest and the most valuable. In its highest development it is an art, but an art which always depends much on climatic conditions. Mr. R. L. Stevenson tells us that it has reached its brightest perfection in the South Sea Islands, where its excellence has the best merit of being unconscious. In these favoured places it has almost ceased to be an art, and has become a natural instinct, so that the European who makes his dwelling there wonders that he should ever have thought it good to struggle for fame or for success, or should have had further ambitions than to lie beneath the cocoanut-tree in his hammock and doze in the alluring shade.

The South Sea Islands are far to seek, and, after all, Mr. Stevenson can send us *Catriona* from his retreat; but one may eat of the lotos nearer home, and be under no temptations to attempt the impossible—to invent *Catrionas*. In the pine woods of the Ville d'Hiver of Arcachon the breath of no ambition is in the air. To do nothing is no longer a struggle; it has become a necessity, a necessity which is absolutely pleasing.

Arcachon itself, as most people know, is a village and a watering-place on the Bassin d'Arcachon, two hours or so south by train from Bordeaux. Here, by the shores of this placid *bassin*, is the Ville d'Été, a town of a few big hotels and many *chambres garnies à louer*. There are little houses, too, whose gardens open upon the *plage*, so that the *baigneur*, hand in hand with the fair *baigneuse*, may run forth in garments which are sketchy, and bathe in the *bassin*. But it is not in the Ville d'Été that the faculty of doing nothing is best cultivated. There are temptations of a gentle and insidious kind. You may go in a boat to the oyster-grounds; for Arcachon is very famous for its green oysters, which are excellent shellfish after the first frost, and when no "natives" are at hand. You may actually go so far as the Ile des Oiseaux, where you may see many strange and beautiful sea-fowl. In the winter-time you may even shoot them; but in the winter-time you will not be living in the

Ville d'Été. You will have taken your habitation in one of these villas, or in one of the hotels, which are dotted about in the pine-trees about half a mile straight uphill from the Ville d'Été. For it is this collection of villas and hotels which is called the Ville d'Hiver, and in which alone it is at all likely that an English man or woman will live. Even here the English are in a very small minority; and this is an additional help to that faculty which Arcachon is so well fitted to develop—there is no society. There is, comparatively speaking, no danger of being asked out to afternoon tea, and dining out is a seduction which will never fall in your way. You may, indeed, be told that in the summer the Casino—there is a Casino, and its gardens are charming—is very gay; for a band plays, and there are concerts and children's dances. These temptations, however, will not assail you in the Ville d'Hiver—not even the wild merriment of a "children's dance."

You live in the midst of the pine-trees, in the midst of that great forest which stretches virtually all the way from Bordeaux to Biarritz, a region of mysterious, dark, never-ending solitudes as still as the grave. At certain seasons of the year men come and collect the turpentine which runs from the gashes they inflict in the stems of the pines, and is collected in little cups set for the purpose below the gashes; but these persons will not disturb you now. Or, again, at a certain season they will be busy destroying the gossamer nets which enclose clusters of the *Bombyx processionalis*, that hairy caterpillar of which you see legions in the spring going along in Indian file head to tail. Do not touch them, for each hair is a poisoned arrow which will pierce and irritate the skin. But in winter you will meet no caterpillars nor their destroyers. An occasional *chasseur* may be seen hunting game yet more occasional, though no game is too small for him. The stillness and silence is almost perfect; you go on a sandy soil, carpeted by the fallen pine-needles, beneath the dark roof of the pines overhead and among their sombre columns—it is like an immense temple of nature.

In your villa or hotel you will live, if you are wise, in an upper chamber. Here you will be on a level with the tops of the pine trees, may get views of wonderful gradations of colour in their successive distances, and of sunset effects which you will need to go to the Fen country to match. The wholesome and odorous breath of the pines will be about you. You live in an atmosphere most grateful to weak lungs and to troubled nerves. It is possible for you after your early roll and coffee to go down into the Ville d'Été and view the market, which has its beauties. The pears and apples and all kinds of fruit are such as you will not often have seen; the chestnuts are very fine, and the walnuts of a size which makes one of them enough for a sitting. Fish in great variety, and most of it still alive; fowl, from turkeys down to meadow-pipits, all very scrappy, and flesh of remarkable toughness, are to be seen under this one great wooden roof. And not least remarkable are the sellers of these various good things.

It is possible that you may go to see all this; but it is not probable, for it means that you will have to go up the hill which you have descended, and to mount a hill is an ambition with which you will have parted at Bordeaux. True, there are carriages which one can hire, and so be driven; but to sit in a carriage is scarcely to violate the maxims of that art which one cultivates at Arcachon so well.

Of other arts at Arcachon the principal is pisciculture. In connexion with this less important art there is a Museum, small, but of much interest, containing all implements and apparatus used in the catching or the culture of fish. Annexed is a little aquarium, charmingly arranged, where is an octopus, who is almost certain to win your friendship should you visit him. But you will not. You will not visit the octopus, nor the Museum, nor the Library, nor the Club. You will go out for little walks in the silent pine forest; you will sit down on the pine-needles before you have gone half a mile; you will lay under your head the book which you have brought with you to read, and you will sleep or doze, and think of your fellow-countrymen, and pity them that they are not with you.

For here you will not find any multitude of your countrymen. The art whose practice is a necessity at Arcachon is one which they have studied very imperfectly. A few may have been enticed by the announcement, sometimes read, that a pack of drag-hounds hunts twice a week in the neighbourhood; but if they have gone out once, they will not repeat it,

and if they have tried sea-fishing, their experience will have been the same. Contentedly, for the time being, they will have practised the great art; but on their return to England will have banned the arena of their studies as a "place where there is nothing to do," and so will have returned to it never again. The fact is that, in their banning is to be read the blessing of the place. There is nothing to do, and no temptation to do anything. The nothing can be done with an easy mind. There is a fragrance of the pine-trees in the air, and a balminess which soothes every sense into quiescent satisfaction. The palms and flowers grow and flourish in it with a subtropical luxuriance, and the Englishman breathes it in as the breath of the lotos-tree, and lives in a perpetual subtropical siesta. The pine breath which is so fragrant is a boon to every complaint of the *poitrine*, and the most restless and harassed nerves are soothed into perfect quiet.

The guide-book will tell you that it is the custom for newcomers to Arcachon to call on the older residents. Believe it not. You may tell yourself in England that it is the custom which you will follow on arrival. You will find yourself mistaken. Under the many restful influences, you will fall into that custom which really is universal—you will call on no one at all.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Extraordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the Industrial and General Trust on Monday was as noisy and excited as had been anticipated. Mr. Mitchell Henry, who presided, soon lost control, and the discussion after a while degenerated into a mere wrangle. But the upshot of all was the complete defeat of the proposals of the majority of the Directors. The Industrial and General is the largest of all the Trusts. It has a paid-up capital of 2½ millions, and debentures amounting to another million, making the total capital 3½ millions. It has been usual to pay an interim dividend of 4½ per cent. in September; but, according to the statement made at Monday's meeting, when the time arrived this year it was found that the dividend had not been earned. Then a valuation of the assets was made, and the result was that the majority of the Directors satisfied themselves that about one-third of the capital had been lost; and they drew up a scheme of reorganization, which was proposed to the meeting on Monday. Stated as briefly as possible, this was to wind up the Company, and transfer its business to a new Company, with a capital less than that of the existing one by somewhat over 900,000*l.* In other words, it was proposed to write off over 900,000*l.*, being the amount of the estimated loss. Two of the Directors—Lord Rookwood and Lord Claud Hamilton—dissented, and on Monday they placed their resignations before the shareholders. The proposal was opposed on two grounds chiefly. The first was that no cause had been shown for winding up the existing Company, and the second that no information had been vouchsafed to satisfy the shareholders that there had been an actual loss of nearly a million; or, on the other hand, that the loss did not greatly exceed that amount. The Directors have never published a list of their investments. They have contended that to do so would give valuable information to their competitors, and would seriously injure the Company. Strange to say, the shareholders were satisfied with this excuse as long as they received satisfactory dividends. They allowed the Directors to invest 3½ millions without requiring any information whatsoever as to the kind of securities which had been bought. It is all very well now to censure the Directors—and we certainly have no intention here to champion their cause—but it is clear that the shareholders are quite as much to blame. They gave up voluntarily their right of control, trusting absolutely in the Directors to do the best they could, and it is rather late in the day now to criticize the action of the Directors. For the rest, the public has no means of judging whether the Directors have or have not acted culpably. Nobody knows how the investments have been made, and, in the absence of information on that point, it is useless to inquire whether due caution has or has not been exercised. In the interests of the investing public generally, it is to be hoped, however, that the incident will once for all put an end to the practice, too common with Trusts, of concealing from their proprietors how they employ the money placed at their disposal. As

the plan brought forward by the majority of the Directors was not accepted by the meeting, it is clear that those Directors have lost the confidence of the shareholders; and it would seem to follow that the next step ought to be either their voluntary resignation or the calling together of another Extraordinary meeting to decide to whom is to be entrusted in future the management of the Company. The majority of the Directors have invited thirty-four of the largest shareholders to nominate a Committee of seven gentlemen to inquire into the position of the Company, and consult with the Directors. But the shareholders object to a Committee so formed, and ask that they themselves should have the selection of the body which is to conduct the investigation. That, however, is a matter which concerns the Company alone. As regards the general public, the main point to note is, that the admission of so great a loss by the Industrial and General has greatly increased the discredit into which all the Trusts have fallen. There was much apprehension previously. Three or four Trusts have gone into liquidation; the shares of other Trusts are absolutely unsaleable; in some cases, indeed, shareholders offer as much as 2*l.* per share to any one who will take over their shares from them, so as to get rid of the liability attaching to them. It is only too probable, therefore, that the breakdown of this Company will intensify the distrust, and that several other Trust Companies will before long have to go into liquidation.

Money continues abundant and cheap in the open market, but the rate of discount has risen sharply during the week to over 2½ per cent. This was partly due to the expectation that has been generally entertained for some time that the India Council would have to borrow immediately, partly to the fear of gold shipments to New York, and partly to the strong demand for the metal for the Continent. During the week ended Wednesday night nearly a quarter of a million was withdrawn from the Bank of England. The foreign demand is likely to increase. It seems certain that, if the Sherman Act is repealed, President Cleveland will immediately borrow a large amount. It is estimated that during the current financial year there will be a deficit of about 10 millions sterling, and the gold in the Treasury is already nearly 4 millions sterling below what ought to be kept to secure the exchangeability of the greenbacks.

On Wednesday the India Council again offered for tender 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, but once more there were no applications. Charges and counter-charges are being made by officials of the Indian Government and the exchange banks; but the real explanation of the inability of the Council to sell its drafts is that the closing of the mints has, for the time being at all events, disorganized trade. At the present value of the rupee there is no profit, or, at any rate, there is very little profit, upon exports from India to Europe. Accordingly, the exports have greatly fallen off, and there is no need, therefore, to remit money to pay for European purchases.

At the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all the money they wanted at from 2 to 2½ per cent., and within the Stock Exchange carrying-over rates were very light. Evidently the public is still holding aloof from the market, and the speculative account is, therefore, as small as ever. It is to be hoped that investors will not be deceived by the sudden rise that has taken place in New York, because Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has purchased 60,000 shares of the Delaware and Lackawanna. The Vanderbilt family is known to be very largely interested in several coal-carrying Companies, especially the Delaware and Hudson and the Reading, and of course they are also the chief shareholders in the New York Central and the Lake Shore. It is not surprising, then, that the Messrs. Vanderbilt should take advantage of the recent crisis to obtain control of a Company which has hitherto been a disturbing element in the coal business. It does not follow, however, that the Messrs. Vanderbilt are about to attempt another coal combination. They disclaim any such intention, and we can well believe that they do not entertain it. What they are aiming at, no doubt, is to get such a voice in the councils of the different competing Companies as will compel all of them to work in a friendly spirit with one another. There is nothing in the purchase,

then, to justify the great speculative rise that has taken place. At the end of last week the Democratic members of the United States Senate agreed upon a compromise; but, as soon as its terms were communicated to the President, he declared that he would veto it, and the compromise apparently has been given up. It is now expected that the repeal of the Sherman Act will be carried next week. That is, no doubt, a great step in the right direction; but even it does not justify a great speculative rise in stocks, and we trust that the investing public will not be misled by the confident predictions which may now be expected. Here at home the coal strike still drags on; railway traffics are falling off, and trade is depressed. On the Continent the continued fall in Italian Rentes is exciting apprehension. For several years French investors have been selling Italian securities, which have been bought by Italian and German capitalists. It is believed now that the French have nearly got rid of the immense amount of Italian stocks they formerly held, and that, whatever may happen, France will not suffer. But there are grave apprehensions as to the consequences in Italy. Certainly the losses must already be heavy, while every fall lowers the credit of the country, and makes it more difficult to get the accommodation that is needed. The German capitalists, too, will be seriously affected, as very large amounts of German money have been invested in Italy in recent years. The Matabele war has checked the rise in South African securities; but the market, for all that, is steady. The market for Argentine securities is also firm, though not much is doing. Brazilians, of course, are altogether neglected.

On Thursday afternoon the India Council issued a notice inviting tenders for India bills, payable in London in gold, of the amount of 2 millions sterling, and running for six months. The tenders are to be sent into the Bank of England on Friday next week, and the result will be made known on the following day. The general impression is that the Council is only trying the market, and that it will have to borrow more before the financial year is out.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 97½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. In the other first-class securities there is not much change. Colonial stocks have been fairly steady, but Victoria Three and a Half closed at 89, a fall of ½. Home Railway Stocks, which have been so remarkably steady all through the coal strike, have given way decidedly this week. Great Northern Preferred Ordinary closed on Thursday at 111, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; Great Eastern closed at 74½, a fall of 1½; Great Western closed at 151, a fall of 2½; and Midland closed at 147, a fall of 3½. In the American department, on the other hand, there has been a very marked and a very general rise. Beginning first with the purely speculative shares, which ought not to be touched by investors, we find that Erie Common shares on Thursday were at 15½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Reading shares closed at 11½, a rise of 2½; and Atchison shares closed at 21½, a rise of as much as 3. Coming next to the shares on which dividends are sometimes paid and sometimes not, we find that Louisville and Nashville closed at 47½, a rise of 2½; and Milwaukee closed at 66½, a rise of as much as 6½. Coming in the next place to bonds which are not regarded as quite safe, we find that Atchison Fours closed at 75, a rise of as much as 4; and that Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at 76½, a rise of as much as 6. Coming in the last place to shares upon which good dividends have been paid for many years, we find that Illinois closed on Thursday at 96½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½; that New York Central closed at 107, a rise of 3; and that Lake Shore closed at 132½, a rise of as much as 8. The South American market generally is somewhat lower. Argentine Fives closed on Thursday at 63½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and the Funding Loan closed at 67½, also a fall of 1. Inter-Bourse securities likewise are somewhat lower. Spanish closed on Thursday at 62½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Greeks of 1881 closed at 35½, a fall of 1½; and Italian Fives closed at 80½, a fall of 2½, after having been as low as 79½.

AN AUTUMN FISH.

IT is some years since there has been a season so disastrous to the salmon-fisher as this in the Welsh rivers. There has been throughout the spring and summer no water at all, and no water means no fish. There are few rivers in Wales dearer to the lover of sport or scenery than the silver Wye, and even this beautiful stream, in spite of its many feeders, has been little better than a succession of stagnant pools. It has been no pleasure on Sunday afternoon, when the duties of the day have been attended to, to stroll down to the river bank and watch the rising fish. Not one to be seen leaping high out of the water and falling back with the heavy splash which creates such an indescribable sensation in the fisherman's heart. Whether it be a taking fish or not, no matter to-day; he may be far away to-morrow; still it is a pleasant sight.

But at last rain has come. There has been a heavy downpour amongst the Cardiganshire hills. The Clairwen, the Elan, Irfon, Ithon, have poured their flooded waters into the Wye, and, for the first time this season bank-full, she has joined her sister Severn.

The fisherman's heart is glad. His favourite catch is in perfect order; it has seldom failed him with the river as it is. His hopes are realized; and, after so long waiting, great is his satisfaction as he looks down upon the fifteen-pounder lying at his feet. It is true that it is an autumn fish, wanting in that perfect beauty of condition which is only to be seen in a clean-run spring fish. Its dash and pluck are not the same. Twenty minutes are enough to bring it to the gaff; but those twenty minutes have afforded a gratification that is only felt by those who are real lovers of the sport.

The fisherman allows himself a short rest before moving to the next catch; and as he lingers many thoughts cross his mind. Where did the fish come from? How came it there? It could not have been in the catch during those long months of drought—it would have been unfit for human food. It could not have moved slowly from pool to pool, because there has not been water enough in the streams all the summer to allow it to pass up. It must have come from the sea. If the Bristol Channel be the sea, that is a hundred and thirty miles away, and it only had some forty-eight hours to do the journey. Was it one long steady swim against the current of that rushing river, or did it pause now and again to rest? Then, why did it come to that particular spot? Was it instinct or memory brought it there? Was it making its way to the water of its infancy? Was it a stranger to this river, compelled by some incomprehensible attraction to travel higher and higher up the river seeking some spawning-bed which, for all it knew, might be before it or not? But the fisherman must not linger. The October days are drawing to a close, and it may be he will not have another day on which he may cast his fly upon the water. He may land half a dozen fish or more before night comes on, for the river is now fairly well supplied. The nets are off, and the flood came just in time; but it is only a few days to the end of the season, and he must work, and work hard, if he would make up for lost time, and get some slight compensation for the sport which has been so long denied him. The nets are off! What heartburnings the same nets have caused! How the true fisherman hates the sight of those bare and staring poles, those long lines of netting, and corks, and lead—such a hideous spectacle and one so common on the banks of the middle waters of the Wye! Passing by chance the fishmonger's shop—maybe in Hereford or in Ross—with a feeling, half of anger, half of envy, he looks upon that thirty-pound fish lying on the marble slab, fresh from the river, untainted by contact with straw or ice. Why so seldom does such a fish come to his share? That one might have worked its way to the upper waters and been his had it not been for those abominable nets. And now his turn has come. This is why he loves October. The autumn fish may not show such sport as the spring—certainly is not so exquisitely delicate for the table; but quantity makes up in some degree for quality. Given a favourable condition of water, there is nothing to come between the fisherman and success during the few days of the season that remain to him. A fair chance for the fish from the river's mouth to within a few miles of its source; there is not a hindrance, not a block to the travelling fish, no fear of its being entangled in those deadly folds. All is clear before him; there is nothing to dread, except from

its own indiscretion. That alone can give the fisherman the advantage, and he avails himself of it. The tiniest feathers from the most delicately-plumaged birds, and those combined not haphazard, but with the cunning of the tempter and from a long experience of the frailty of the fish—in short, the "proper fly," varying under varying circumstances, but always in colour and size suitable to the particular river, can alone ensure success. Much is said about luck in salmon-fishing. But in the end a thorough knowledge of water, and of the flies adapted to the water, combined with a certain amount of skill, will bring more fish to land than will the best luck in the world.

THE ORIENT EXPRESS.

THE name of Mr. F. C. Burnand is so closely linked, not only with the humorous literature of to-day and yesterday, but with much that was brightest in the drama of a few years since, that any work from his pen necessarily awakens a degree of interest which may not unnaturally be accompanied by unreasonable demands upon the admired author's powers of production in the way of novelty and brightness. The importance attaching to the production of *The Orient Express* differs but little either in kind or degree from that which is associated with Savoy operas to which the names of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert are appended; and just as the utmost which we want or have a right to expect in the one case is the accustomed Sir Arthur and the accustomed Mr. Gilbert—those, in fact, who charmed us years ago—so, in the other case, it is the Burnand of "Happy Thoughts," of innumerable inimitable parodies and infinite good farce and burlesque, whom we are glad to welcome at Mr. Daly's Theatre, just off Leicester Square. The only novelty perceptible in the new production is that it is an adaptation, not from the French, but, like much work which Mr. Daly has done for himself and his company, from the German. The original, by Dr. Oscar Blumenthal and Herr Gustav Kadelburg, is not by any means a new work; the reference, retained by Mr. Burnand, to Strauss's music places it a few years back, and the idea of the complications arising from the transfer of a non-transferable tourist ticket, no doubt occurred to the mind of the ingenious author when the system was yet in its infancy. Perhaps the best, as it certainly is the crispest and most purposeful, passage in the farce (for it is farce, and not comedy) is the dry, businesslike statement of the conditions upon which the ticket has been issued. Probably no one ever stated a farce-motive with greater point and succinctness, and the humour of it is admirably developed by the surroundings. What seems like the reading of a mere catalogue of arbitrary rules is, in fact, the one completely luminous moment in a play of ingenious complications. *The Orient Express* possesses some of the vices, in addition to the virtues, of the farce belonging to the time when men of ability wrote farces, and were not ashamed to call them so. The worst thing we have to say against Mr. Burnand's work is of a very practical kind, and lies in his omission to provide a fine part for Miss Ada Rehan. Her acting, as the wife with an illimitable field for jealousy, is admirable, but she is far too true an artist to make opportunities which would destroy the balance of no matter how meagre and unsatisfactory a dramatic picture. It is only with the injudicious who know not when to grieve that she will suffer for her unselfish refusal to usurp an interest which does not legitimately belong to the part which she plays. It is always a pleasure to observe the fine comedy method of Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. They combine to shake our belief in the maxim that the person who never made a mistake never made anything worth making. One can find no higher praise for them than to say that their work here is thoroughly worthy of the efforts in which we have already learned to admire them. Mr. George Clarke is an actor of various accomplishments; but the part of the amorous Greek is a severe trial of his powers. It would hardly be matter of congratulation to any one but himself had he succeeded better than he did.

A second visit to *Sowing the Wind* at the Comedy Theatre confirms the good impression at first produced by a strong and fine play which is, for the most part, admirably acted. Miss Emery's force and pathos as Rosamund are unmistakable, as are the gallantry and the excellent percep-

tion of Mr. Sydney Brough as Annesley. From Mr. Brandon Thomas the observant playgoer has learnt to expect very much, and expectation is fully answered by the thought and power of Mr. Thomas's acting of Brabazon.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE WEEK.

IN the racing world, October opened with the success of the three-year-old Dornroschen, in the Nottingham Handicap, and three days later that filly still further distinguished herself by running Victor Wild to half a length for the Hurst Park Club Cup, when giving him 9 lbs. In each case she started at 10 to 1, and, at the weights which she was carrying, both races were smart performances. In the same week, that valuable two-year-old race the Kempton Park Great Breeders' Produce Stakes of 5,000*l.* was run for at Kempton, resulting in the victory of Lord Alington's St. Simon colt, Matchbox, who beat Lord Durham's Isonomy colt, Son o' Mine, by a neck at even weights. The handicappers apparently consider that this form puts Matchbox within 7 lbs. of Ladas, and Son o' Mine on a par with Bullingdon, 3 lbs. below Matchbox. As all four are in the Derby, the publication of the Free Handicap, in which these weights are apportioned, may be regarded in the light of an authorized Derby "tip." Another interesting race took place on the Saturday of the Kempton meeting, when the Duke of York Stakes, a handicap of 3,000*l.*, was won by Sir William Throckmorton's three-year-old Melton colt, Avington, and, considering his victory at the same place in the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes in August, he was put very lightly into the handicap at 7 st.

We fear that the devotions of many of our fellow-countrymen were disturbed on the following Sunday by their anxiety for the success of Mr. Waring's Buccaneer in the race for the Prix du Conseil Municipal of 4,000*l.* at Paris, and the repose of their Sabbath was rudely broken in the evening, when they learned that the renowned Buccaneer, who had been handicapped second for the Cesarewitch, only 4 lbs. below La Flèche, had been unplaced, and that the race had been won very easily by the French three-year-old Callistrate, in spite of the fact that he met Buccaneer on 10 lbs. more disadvantageous terms than those at which he had been handicapped with him for the Cesarewitch. The immediate result was to make Callistrate one of the leading favourites for the Cambridgeshire. In the meantime the great stud of M. Lupin was sold, several mares making good prices, and the stallion Xaintrailles 8,000*l.*

Then came the Newmarket Second October Meeting, which will be chiefly memorable for the splendid finish for the Cesarewitch between Mr. Ellis's Red Eyes and Jennings the trainer's Cypria, the pair of fillies coming down the Bushes Hill close together, and fighting out the battle the whole way to the winning-post, which they passed abreast. The stakes were divided. The good third of "Mr. Jersey's" old mare, Lady Rosebery, greatly astonished those who had seen her finish at Doncaster nine lengths behind Prisoner, when meeting him on 12 lbs. better terms than those on which she now easily beat him by an even greater distance. The many backers of Self Sacrifice had expressed great, anxious, and curious interest in her sudden sale and withdrawal from the race, and it is a mystery concerning which we can offer no explanation. It would be hazardous to criticize the riding of so fine a jockey as T. Loates on Red Eyes, although at least one writer has done so; but it is safe to praise that of the boy, W. Pratt, on Cypria. He was without whip or spurs, and rode with great judgment and determination. That much in-bred-to-Touchstone filly, Baron de Rothschild's La Nièvre, won the Clearwell Stakes, and the Duke of Westminster's Grey Leg, the Prendergast; but, of course, these old-fashioned two-year-old races are quite eclipsed in these days by the Middle Park Plate, not that even that event is of as much importance as it was a few years ago. The very hollow victory of Lord Rosebery's Ladas was pleasant to look at, as an example of a good colt running up to his true form; but it was to all intents and purposes a foregone conclusion, 5 to 1 being laid on him. This performance strengthened his position in the Derby betting, and he advanced from 3½ to 1 to 2½ to 1. These may appear short odds, so long before the event, with four Derby colts handicapped within 10 lbs. of each other, especially when we bear in mind that two-year-olds can give each other more weight relatively than older horses. Extra-

ordinary as the success of Ladas has been, his winnings in stakes—something under 6,000*l.*—have been greatly surpassed by those of the American two-year-old, Domino, who is stated to have won more than 34,000*l.* in the land of his birth. The heaviest reverse met with during the Second October Meeting by backers was when they laid 5½ to 1 that St. David could give Glengall 24 lbs. over the Rowley Mile for the Southfield Plate; the event proving the exact contrary. Considering the evil times, the late Lord Calthorpe's stud sold well, at 29,425 guineas. Probably, the stallion Satiety was not dear at 5,000 guineas; but it was a surprise to many people when Captain Machell gave 3,400 guineas for the three-year-old Buckingham, a colt that had not run in public this year, but had won four races as a two-year-old, and had been handicapped in the spring a stone below his stable companion, Isinglass. The two mares, Heresy and Seabreeze, purchased by Sir Tatton Sykes and Lord Rosebery, made 3,100 and 3,600 guineas. These prices, together with an offer which was refused, of 20,000*l.* for Marcon, were decidedly encouraging to the much depressed breeders of blood stock.

In the week between the two last Newmarket Meetings Mr. W. Brodrick Cloëté's Cereza, who had run second to Avington for the Duke of York Stakes, won the Gatwick Handicap from a very fair field, but under a very light weight. At Sandown 5 to 2 was laid on the unbeaten Delphos for the Great Sapling Plate of 1,000*l.*; but his penalties had raised his weight to within 2 lbs. of 10 st., and a 20 to 1 outsider called Marnovia, belonging to Colonel Heyward, who breeds and privately trains his horses near the retired little Welsh town of Welshpool, made tremendous running and was never caught. As this filly was receiving 20 lbs., Delphos was not disgraced. The powerful and hard-working colt Braemar won the Temple Handicap the same afternoon, and Go Lightly beat Mecca at 9 lbs. for the Orleans Nursery Handicap. The next day Ravensbury walked over for the Amphion Plate of 1,000*l.*—a large stake to win so easily! None the worse for her exertions of the previous day, Marnovia won the Hook Plate with 7 lbs. extra. In the Sandown Autumn Handicap, Profit, a strong favourite, was beaten four lengths by the extreme outsider, Mr. J. W. Charlton's Pennyles. Last Saturday a day's steeplechasing at Sandown combined with the falling leaves in reminding those who only care for flat-racing that their fun would soon be over for this year.

The first day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting was rendered melancholy by the defeat of Orme in the last race of his brilliant, though not unchequered, career. The Limekiln Stakes is a weight-for-age race; the penalties, however, incurred by Orme made the difference between his weight and Childwick's exactly the same as in the handicap for the Cambridgeshire—that is to say, 33 lbs. From this we must deduct 8 lbs. for age, and we shall probably be very liberal if we allow 5 lbs. for the beating by three-quarters of a length; Orme, therefore, is 20 lbs. better than the colt that had the honour of being the highest-priced yearling ever purchased. If Matchbox had no very formidable opponent for the Criterion Stakes, he ran well over the severe course under a heavy weight. For the Troy Stakes, Priestholme showed that he is rather a better colt than he was represented in the Free Handicap.

The great event of the present week has been the Cambridgeshire, which has been quite as interesting a race as usual. The non-betting public, as a body, always hopes for the success of the horse carrying the highest weight, and on this occasion La Flèche, the winner of last year's Cambridgeshire, with 9 st. 7 lbs. on her back, was the popular favourite. Backers, however, were not quite so unanimous in wishing for her success. Raeburn had beaten her by a length and a half for the Lancashire Plate; so, now that he was to meet her upon 4 lbs. better terms, he seemed a more desirable investment. Another very heavily-backed competitor, great as was his weight, was the French horse Callistrate, for the reasons already mentioned.

The race, however, was not to fall to such horses as these, but to Molly Morgan, a four-year-old filly whose record of this season had been to run unplaced in three races. She was handicapped only 5 lbs. above the lightest weight in the list, but carried two more. As she belongs to Lord Dunraven, she has done something to make up to him for his yachting disappointment in America. The Duke of Portland has better reason for being pleased with the performance of Raeburn, who gave Molly Morgan a year and 24 lbs. and ran second. Prisoner ran third, and, as Lady Rosebery ran ninth, their

form was once more reversed. It will be remembered that Molly Morgan started first favourite for the Cesarewitch and ran very well until some way down the Bushes Hill. She is a fine bay mare and a beautiful mover, and few, if any, horses have ever won a Cambridgeshire more easily. Later in the afternoon, in beating Sempronius by three-quarters of a length, at 3 lbs., Mecca accurately confirmed the estimate formed of the relative merits of the pair in the Free Handicap, although, as the betting showed, backers had taken a different view of the question.

On Thursday thirteen two-year-olds ran over the Cesarewitch course—almost a cruel distance, at their age—for the Feather Plate, the winner being Peleas, a colt by Foxhall. Short as it is in comparison, even the Dewhurst course of seven furlongs is longer than most two-year-old courses; and over this distance Matchbox ran like a stayer, making all the running, giving 10 lbs. to Jocasta and beating her by four lengths, and 7 lbs. to Priestholme and beating her by eight. The betting upon the Free Handicap Sweepstakes for three-year-olds exactly foretold the result—Le Nicham (9 st.), 1; Son of a Gun (8 st. 7 lbs.), 2; Xylophone (7 st. 9 lbs.), 3. Le Nicham, carrying the same weight as Raeburn, had run on the previous day for the Cambridgeshire; had looked formidable at the Bushes, where he was in the front rank, and got beaten in descending the hill. For the Free Handicap he gave Son of a Gun the same weight he would have had to have given him for the Cambridgeshire, which proved how hopeless would have been that horse's chance for it.

REVIEWS.

DIARY OF COLONEL PETER HAWKER.*

SPORTSMEN will heartily welcome these selections from the Diaries of Colonel Peter Hawker. The name of the author of the famous "Instructions" was a household word in country mansions between John o'Groat's and his favourite Southern haunts, before a new generation of writers sprang up who recorded their feats with the detonator and the breechloader. As Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey remarks in his introduction, they have generally borrowed freely from their famous predecessor, whose work enjoyed unprecedented popularity and passed through many successive editions. He tells us that, had the diaries been printed in full, they would have extended to several additional volumes, and perhaps it might have been all the better had he carried condensation further than he has done. There is undoubtedly a good deal of monotony in the extracts, for the good Colonel goes into the most minute detail as to the incidents of each day's shooting. All the same they are delightful reading, for the writer is humorous, quaint, and original. Nor is the interest confined to the subject which chiefly preoccupied him. There are exciting notes of his numerous Continental trips, and of his experiences in incessant English journeys by coach and post-chaise. There are amusing sketches of the characters he meets, and picturesque descriptions of his mishaps and adventures. He had served with distinction in the Peninsular army; but he kept a separate set of military journals. In these, however, we see him as a connoisseur of the fine arts, and notably as an enthusiastic musician. The best bag he ever made scarcely pleased him more than appreciative commendation of a clever musical invention of his; and he relates with pride that on a pilgrimage to Haarlem he had the privilege of performing on the great organ there. As Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey remarks, he must have been one of the "hardest" men who ever lived. He had wretched health; he suffered besides from an old Peninsular wound; yet he drags himself out with the gun in all weathers, he sets the doctors at defiance, and only resigns himself to close confinement when he falls into the hands of the surgeons. So much so that on one occasion we are rather surprised, when he had been shaken and frightfully bruised by a carriage overturn, to find that for three entire days there is nothing but a record of bandaging and low diet. As for his shooting, it seems to have been simply marvellous. It is nothing unusual to hear of his killing fifteen or twenty shots in succession in stormy weather with his old single-barrelled flint, and we presume his veracity may be strictly depended on. Nor in those days was even the partridge-shooting so easy as is commonly believed. He is constantly talking of wild birds and want of cover on the First of September, though then much land must

have been comparatively unreclaimed, and the wheat must have been reaped with scythe or sickle. Pheasants were so rare in his Hampshire covers that more than once when he had marked down a solitary cock, he hurried home to fetch his gun and muster "an army" to beat up the bird. As for grouse, he was delighted when he bagged two or three on those Yorkshire moors where now a few thousands may be killed in a day's driving. And at that time, an officer, a gentleman, and a man of unimpeachable honour, like Hawker, seems to have had strangely eccentric notions about preserving and poaching, and the sanctity of the rights of property. But we must really let the Colonel speak for himself, and go on to pick out a few of the more characteristic of the entries. We may remark that the diaries begin in 1802, when the annalist was a youth of sixteen, and end immediately before his death, in 1853.

We need hardly say that the enthusiast never spared himself, and was no lie-abed. In September 1802 he was with his regiment at Folkestone; turns out at 4.30, walks till 8, and brings home next to nothing. In 1806 he is poaching on Lord Berkeley's ground at Hounslow. He knocks over a couple of hares right and left, hides under the hedge till he can tell whether the keepers have heard the shot, and sees a dragoon from Hounslow barracks pick up the game, with a cheery "view hollow," and walk away with the hares on his shoulder. But poaching expeditions in irresistible force are organized by the officers in country quarters. The gallant Light Dragoons make a sortie from Ipswich, twenty strong, besides beaters and markers, to storm the pet preserves of a certain unpopular parson. The young strategist has drawn a regular map of "Parson Bond's Preserve," showing the plan of attack and the scientific distribution of the forces. It appears the victim could only summon the trespassers, and if they were in force sufficient to keep the field, those who could conceal their identities went on shooting with impunity. That escapade might pass for a "lark" of wild youngsters, although now it would cost the offenders their commissions; but later, as a respectable country gentleman, Hawker shoots over Lord Portsmouth's land in contemptuous defiance of his lordship. The shooting "in a sortie from garrison" was far from cheap. In 1811 he gives the note of the day's expenses, including posting, inns, &c., and it amounts up to 2l. 10s. The expense was more serious when, as in the following year, he travelled down to the Scottish border, specially to shoot grouse. His excitement was extreme when he learned from the landlord that a moor fowl that very morning had come within shot of the door. He was delighted next day when he bagged a single cock, though somewhat disappointed at not having made up the brace. The traveller by coach not only paid high, but suffered much. "The roads and horses in this country are so bad that even the mails get on but slowly; the coachmen are like a set of dirty gipsies." From Moffat towards Glasgow he travelled by chaise, shooting as he went out of the windows, and bagging three partridges. Next day, pursuing the same system, he did somewhat better. When there was no need to leave an address, and when the flying sportsman could cover his trail, he always shot in free and independent fashion. Strolling out beyond the suburbs of Glasgow, he brings home four partridges and a cock pheasant. At Dumbarton, on the swampy banks of Clyde, he kills twelve snipe without a miss. Here is an example of his enthusiasm. In one of his woods he had flushed a woodcock. "I worked the cover till not a dog would stir from my heels. I left it, and returned with every man and dog I could muster; and, after a laborious task to find him, I had the mortification to miss a fine shot. I, however, knocked him down with my second barrel, but never could find him, though I hunted till dark and half the next day." That day he was probably shooting with a detonator; yet ten years afterwards he records his conviction that the "flint gun shot superior to the detonator, both for strength and closeness." So slow are improvements to make their way, even with those best qualified to appreciate them. Naturally no man looked more carefully to his batteries. He generally dealt with Joe Manton, and there are many entries of his making journeys to London that he might personally superintend repairs and alterations. Of course, when he had gone in for punt-shooting and the development of the swivel-guns, he gave still more thought to the matter. Sometimes he would ask old "Joe" down to his winter quarters at Keyhaven, near Lymington, to share his sport and benefit by his practice. Winter after winter he repaired to the humble cottage on the coast when the weather was favourable and the flights were coming in. But in point of weather he was a regular Jonah, and he complains that, invariably and simultaneously with his arrival, the perverse winds would change. When the fowl were in the bay, no weather could deter him. Ailing, rheumatic, or neuralgic, he would go out all the same, even when the snow was

* *Diary of Colonel Peter Hawker, Author of "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," 1802-1853. With Introduction by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.*

feathering down in clouds, and a fierce snap of frost had froz en the water in all his chamber utensils. What he did grumble most bitterly at was the flocks of Cockney shore-shooters, who, though far more noisy than destructive, interfered sadly with legitimate sport. Yet the annoyance was not altogether without compensation, and his satisfaction was intense when he came home tolerably well laden when most of his enemies were empty-handed.

The notes of his Continental trips, as we said, are both amusing and exciting. At Cherbourg in 1814 his crew was pelted by the starving populace because it was suspected the little vessel had come to carry away a freight of corn or cattle. In 1819, on the other hand, when renting a villa on the Somme, he was received by the peasants in solemn procession and presented with bouquets as a grand seigneur. He was greatly pleased with everything, except the trouble of having always to guard against thieves. The fowl were plentiful, but the autumn gales and rains were terrible, seriously interrupting the sport. "The Somme continued frightfully dangerous, and of this river some idea may be formed if I remark that in calm weather if you put your punt pole in the water it is wrenched from your hand." After a long and fagging day in the mud and wet he sleeps out on some straw on the floor of a cabin, "which would have been all delightful if we could have had sport." But even tolerably pretentious French hotels appear to have been wretched in the extreme; if the cuisine was good—which was not always the case—there were not the most primitive notions of comfort or even decency; and the houses on the high roads patronized by the English had already begun to charge fancy prices. The travelling was at its very worst immediately after the Restoration, and the innkeepers and postilions in out-of-the-way districts levied relentless contributions on unprotected strangers. By law the innkeeper might apparently charge what he pleased, and the victim must pay or part with his luggage. Nor did French gallantry show any consideration for the lady when the invalid Hawker was accompanied by his invalid wife. He had always nearly as much to do with the doctors as with the gunmakers, and the last entries in 1853 are melancholy, when serious illness was steadily gaining on him, and he was often "too feeble to take up the pen." It is curious that his last entry of all records the death of his old enemy, the Earl of Portsmouth, and ends with the ejaculation—"Peace to his soul!"

NOVELS.*

IF, in the course of writing a decidedly clever and amusing novel, you think proper to change your mind as to what was your heroine's name, it is a good plan to go somewhat carefully through the proofs for the express purpose of seeing that she sticks to the one you have decided upon. We know from Mr. Finlay Knight's title-page that Miss Fulgent's name was really Sylvia; but even with this knowledge we are liable to be perplexed when, at the beginning of the story, he speaks of her as Sylvia and Stella indifferently, sometimes using both names on the same page. The last occurrence of Stella, as far as we have observed, is as far on in the book as vol. ii. p. 111. On the whole, we are disposed to regret the author's final decision. "Stella Fulgent" would, of course, have been a rather fantastic appellation; but then Fulgent is fantastic to begin with, and punning with names is not altogether unknown in real life. The young person herself is a very capable heroine, able to swim, fence, punt, and talk. Mr. Lance Lister, the object of her affections, was, perhaps, hardly worthy of them; but then who is worthy of anybody's affections? The troubles of Sylvia's life, and the events of the story, arose from the circumstance that her brother was a hopeless scapegrace, and only moderately good-tempered when he got his way. He had a friend, a person of no education (in the reasonable sense of the word), broken health, affected manners, and considerable means, and all these four persons—or the last three of them, for Lister is rather shadowy, and a stick besides—are made unusually live and real. The plot of the story shall not be revealed here, nor shall

any of it, except in so far as to say that a complete break of several years between the main story and a kind of epilogue occupying the last three-quarters of the third volume is a dangerous experiment, and we are not sure that it has answered very well. Nevertheless, the book is well worth reading, and entitles its author to rank, if not in the first half-dozen, at any rate in the first two-score of living novelists. This may not seem, at first sight, so high a compliment as it really is; but it must be remembered, in the first place, that the first half-dozen are not nearly so far ahead of "the ruck" as was the case twenty, thirty, and forty years ago, and that the total number of those worthy to be called novelists is very much larger than it was at any of those times. Holding this opinion of Mr. Finlay Knight's work, we think it worth while to point out to him one or two trifling blemishes. It is quite legitimate for an author to express his tastes, but he should take great care not to do so obtrusively. Sylvia Fulgent's story is not in the least advanced by letting the reader know that Mr. Finlay Knight thinks Winchester an "overrated school" or fishing a "wearisome form of sport." Each statement is highly offensive to a considerable class of readers, and is calculated to make them dislike Mr. Finlay Knight; whereas it is desirable for an author to be *persona grata* to his readers, so that, if a time ever comes when his books are not so good as they were, they may refuse to acknowledge the circumstance. Again, if you have occasion to mention Savile Row, it is better not to insert a harmful, unnecessary *and*, and if you must insist upon the fact that a person wore the uniform of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, "dark red" and "crimson" are very odd descriptions of its colour. It seems impossible for anybody—even Mr. Finlay Knight, who knows some law—to get his report of a trial on the Crown side at Assizes quite free from demonstrable blunder, and our advice would always be not to report such proceedings at all, or, at any rate, to report only those passages that are necessary to the development of the story. If Mr. Finlay Knight had taken the latter course, there would have been no fault to find.

The theory which gave its title to Ross George Dering's novel seems to have been the result of a failure to understand the speculations of the late Professor Clifford about "mind-stuff." Practically it came pretty much to a belief in an immortal and usually, but not always, invisible "astral body," and was disencumbered of all the residue of Esoteric Buddhism. As far as Dr. Mirabel was concerned, this theory was quite true, and he was consequently able, after his wife had feloniously, and of her malice aforethought, and most wilfully, "willed" him to death, to haunt her bedroom, and make her extremely uncomfortable, and ultimately to appear and make faces at her, whereat she fell fainting on the floor. It seems also to have been true of Mrs. Mirabel, because after Dr. Lancaster, whom she loved, and for whose love she had murdered her own doctor, had forced her to confess her crime, and she had taken a fatal dose of poison, and in fact had died, she found herself, or the *replica* of herself in "mind-stuff," "looking on her [own] murdered body, like the injured Daniel Good." A full report of her observations and sensations, five pages long, ends with the house fading, "like a dissolving view," and the "doomed soul" (which appears to be identical with the *replica*) finding itself—or herself—nowhere in particular, but full of remorse, and "self-loathing," and much more in love with Dr. Lancaster than ever, "among millions of unfriendly forms." It is to be supposed that, as the waiter said in the dream alleged to have been related by the late Lord Tennyson, "This is hell." To make the description of it seriously irreverent would require more literary power than Ross George Dering is likely to bring to that or any other task. While she was alive—or, as the author would say, before she was dead—this murdering lady was considered extraordinarily clever, held strictly "materialistic" views in contradiction to those of her husband, and provided for her own detection by not merely leaving about the books which taught her how to will people to death, but indicating with "long, thick, pencil-marks" the particular passages of which she had made use. Dr. Lancaster thought that all the alleged wonders of "hypnotism" had been "satisfactorily proved" by "men of the very highest scientific character," and that "the results they have achieved are past dispute." After the suicide of the murderess, whom he had loved passionately, he resolved (1) that he would never love again, and (2) that he would devote himself thenceforward exclusively to "hypnotic" studies. If he is still alive, he may be commended to Mr. Ernest Hart. Madame Mirabel was also loved by Gerard Palliser, a boy of twenty-one, and a very commonplace prig. He yearned to improve the condition of the poor, "to do something to brighten their homes, and bring a little intellectual interest and activity into their lives generally." "I should like," he observed characteristically, "to stir them up a bit." People of

* *The Courage of Sylvia Fulgent*. By H. B. Finlay Knight, Author of "A Girl with a Temper." London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

Dr. Mirabel's Theory: a Psychological Study. By Ross George Dering, Author of "Gibaldi" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

A Strange Temptation. By Mrs. J. Kent Spender, Author of "A Waking" &c. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1893.

The Soul of the Bishop. A Novel. By John Strange Winter, Author of "Booth's Baby" &c. London: White & Co. 1893.

The Hunting Girl. A Novel. By Mrs. Edward Kennard, Author of "That Pretty Little Horsebreaker" &c. London: White & Co. 1893.

Chelvey Court. By Mabel E. Fowler. Illustrated by C. A. Shepperson. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

that sort never seem to consider that other people may object to being stirred up a bit, or to see that they themselves are quite as self-righteous, and nearly as intolerable, as anybody else who ever wanted to regulate other people's lives for them, and dictate to them how they should live, and what they should do, think, say, and enjoy. The story is not nearly so dull as it is silly and shallow.

Similar praise—if it is praise—cannot be awarded to *A Strange Temptation*, by Mrs. J. Kent Spender, which is not nearly so silly as it is dull. The story relates how Polly Smith, circumstances making it particularly easy for her to do so, adopted the name and stole the fortune of Azalea Deveril when the latter died of consumption in a foreign land. Her principal reason was that Azalea meant to leave her the fortune, and would certainly have done so if she had lived a few hours longer. Having effected the conveyance, Polly (called Azalea) married a very good and rather dull gentleman; and her sin found her out through the instrumentality of an unpleasant person, to whom, as Polly Smith, she had been engaged. There was an immense deal of very "high-toned" agony, and ultimately Azalea-Polly and her husband were reconciled, and whether they kept the real Azalea's property or not does not appear. Mrs. Spender appears to think that it is only "exceptionally strong natures" which "share in none of the sympathy of the present day for knaves and criminals." Without rejecting the implied compliment, we decline to associate ourselves with the expression of that melancholy opinion. The whole book is clever, but exceedingly jerky and disconnected, and the monotony of woe becomes extremely wearisome. The reader who has not skipped turns the last page with deep thankfulness, which, in retrospect, is not free from a tinge of pride.

"*The Soul of the Bishop* has been on my [John Strange Winter's] mind for more than two years," we are told in the preface, and now that that amiable writer has got it off her mind we hope that she feels better. It is, of course, written with that practised ease and that license in respect of accuracy of language which distinguish many other works by the same author; but it is quite serious, and not less religious than its title implies. Archibald Netherby was Bishop of Blankhampton, a young bishop, and a bachelor. Cecil Constable was a pleasant young lady and a considerable heiress in the neighbourhood. They loved each other devotedly, and were engaged. First their wedding was postponed because Cecil could not be persuaded that it was what she was pleased to call "just" that unbaptized infants should have no chance of salvation, and because some other doctrines of the Church were repugnant to those of her tastes which she incorrectly described as her reason. They were both argumentative people, and at last the Bishop persuaded her that, as long as she believed one, two, or three of the main doctrines of Christianity, she was free to hold any opinion she chose upon the others. Then the marriage was broken off altogether because she ascertained herself to be an "Agnostic," even with regard to the necessary doctrines. While "*John Strange Winter*" was about it, it is a pity that she did not make the Bishop explain to Cecil the confusion of mind under which she laboured. A severe or a hateful law is quite distinct from an unjust law. An unjust law—if any law can be correctly so called—is a law which is unequally applied to the people supposed to be subject to it. The law whereby a child that has had its pocket picked of a shilling with which it meant to go to the play, is not allowed to come into the theatre, may be severe, and the child may lose the play without any fault of its own, but there is no injustice. The fact that a particular law is hard in its operation, or even entirely detestable, is absolutely irrelevant to the question whether or not it is the law. Cecil asserted that her "reason" told her that some doctrine was "perfectly impossible." The Bishop should have explained that what she meant was that she objected to it, and that Cecil Constable's taste was not necessarily a standard of morality to which the Almighty was bound to conform. At the end they are both left lamenting. So much of the novel as has nothing to do with religion—which is not much—is well and pleasantly written.

"I know my arms are lovely because, whenever I go to a ball and wear a low dress, my partners invariably try to paw them." "And wear a low dress" is good. "Invariably" is better. "Paw," perhaps, is best. The passage occurs on the fifth page of the first volume of an autobiographical novel called *The Hunting Girl*. The heroine married Archie, a highly eligible young squire, with a lady for his mother and 20,000*l.* a year. When they were first engaged he gave a dinner-party to introduce her to the county people of whom he was, of course, one. As they sat down she "murmured" a graceful reference to the fact that another girl, who was present, had told her in confidence that she, the other girl, loved Archie in vain. Thereupon "Archie turned scarlet,

and crumbled his bread viciously into a hard, round pellet, which he shot from his thumb-nail right past my ear." The first words in the book, and not the least appropriate, are "I am a horrid girl." The author is Mrs. Edward Kennard.

The short story called *Chelvey Court* is evidently by a very young author, who has had the courage to take a very old plot, and to work it out with freshness and considerable artistic grace. There is in it, we are glad to say, a good old-fashioned ghost, who appears to some purpose, and makes no attempt to be anybody but himself in a former state. He goes in for no writings on the table, couched in the vulgarest slang, but appears for the benefit of his descendants—the fitting employment of an ancestral ghost. We hope that Miss Fowler will in due time benefit the novel-reading world by a work devised on a scale which lasts longer than the ordinary British railway journey. She has the first qualities of a writer of fiction—care and imagination; and this should lead to her future success.

MR. LELAND'S HEINE.*

IN this present instalment of his translation of Heine's works Mr. Leland has had an unusually favourable field for the development of his favourite thesis that Heine was an almost unparalleled mixture of merits and defects—intellectual, moral, and literary. We cannot, indeed, fully agree with him when he declares that this volume "combines more suggestive thought, amusement, and information than any other work with which he is acquainted." A certain generous kinship in blood to the Headlong ap Headlong is required to enable a man to make such a statement; and our more rawer critical faculties incline us to reply that no work with which we are acquainted is more full of &c. than any other with which we are acquainted. But we can understand without much difficulty why Mr. Leland says this; for the mixture of subjects in the present volume is a mixture specially likely to appeal to him. And, in noticing the previous volumes of the series, we have so frequently insisted on our own view that, with the possible exception of the *Reisebilder* and the *Memoiren*, no prose work of Heine's does him justice, even in the original, still less in a translation, that we need not repeat these views at any great length here. It will be more interesting to make a few comments on the contents and on Mr. Leland's always characteristic, and often very piquant, annotations.

The general title which Mr. Leland has here selected does not appear in any recent edition of the original, and may possibly rather puzzle those who only know such editions. It corresponds to what appears in the standard issues as *Kunstberichte aus Paris*, with the sub-titles "French Painters," "The French Stage," and "Notices of Music." The general form of the articles or letters which compose it is, of course (to an extent which Mr. Leland might perhaps have pointed out), based, like almost all other things of the kind, on Diderot's famous contributions to the *Feuilles de Grimm*, though, equally of course, by Heine's time the example had been public material for the greater part of a century, and the imitation is never other than that of a genius by a genius. The general characteristics of this kind of art criticism ought to be pretty well known. Technicalities are not eschewed; for Heine, as Mr. Leland very properly insists, had had a regular education, in at least the theory of art, at Düsseldorf, and Diderot was an encyclopedist to begin with, and familiar with many studios. But the treatment is not merely, or even mainly, technical, and admits of, nay positively encourages, digressions of all sorts, and the expression of a vast amount of personal opinion on things in general. What such a method becomes in the hands of Heine, who would have infused the said personal opinion and digression into a recension of Euclid, may be easily guessed, but will be found realized to an extent almost beyond guessing. In the very earliest article a sharp, but not unjust, criticism of Ary Scheffer suddenly suffers change into a violent invective against Talleyrand. The last contains a furious attack on the "vocal virginity" of Jenny Lind, whom in the article itself there is nothing to show that the critic ever heard, but who had committed the three unforgivable faults of having pleased England, of having refused to come to Paris, and of being an honest woman. And the considerable middle is like unto these two scantily told ends. We may so far agree with Mr. Leland's admiration of it as to say that nowhere, perhaps, does Heine's inimitable combination of acute vision, prudent, not to say disingenuous, "economy," reckless spite, and supreme literary faculty appear more conspicuously in prose, though we must confess that there are many places

* *The Works of Heinrich Heine*. Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland. Vol. IV.—*The Salon*. London: Heinemann, 1893.

where it appears to us more pleasantly. But Heine is always Heine. After several pages, for instance, of indiscriminate laudation of Horace Vernet which make one inclined to echo "Heinrich! Heinrich!" and add, "You know you don't mean this," he ends with this little atoning stab:—"I pass over the other not less important work of H. V., the versatile artist who paints everything—pictures of battles, saints, still life, landscapes, portraits—all rapidly, as it were like pamphlets." One rather wonders whether, in the first Salon (that of 1831, and by far the most important), he is ever going to tackle aesthetics proper at all. But the opportunity comes on the subject of D camps, and Heine is certainly not wanting to it. He makes up for this attention to business, however, by a wonderful tirade, half-Anglophobe, half-revolutionary, on Delaroche. The 1833 Salon, which is much shorter, is political almost wholly; while that of 1843 (it is really rather bold to call these "Salons" at all) is a little bit of Heinesque *grivoiserie* about Vernet's "Tamar."

The Stage division is at least equally flighty. We are introduced to French acting by a voluminous and virulent diatribe against the German comedies of Herr Ernst Raupach in the first letter, and the second consists mainly of a fervent denunciation of French immorality, which subject is taken up again in the third. The fourth deals with sentimentalism, revolutionary principles, and *nouveaux riches*, the stage still being well in the background. The fifth is Bonapartist, as only Heine can be, but vouchsafes to the nominal subject a handsome contribution in the single remark that Napoleon will be a good subject for plays—some day. All this time the reader who knows nothing of Heine *n'y verra que du feu*; the reader who knows little will be puzzled whether to set down his author for a shameless mercenary, an untimely *mauvais plaisant*, or a man from whom truths contrary to his ordinary line of thought and conduct are wrested by some supernatural agency; and the reader who knows him well will make his old half-sorrowful observation that here was a man of letters of the very first genius doubled with a journalist of whose characteristics the less said the better. Only in the sixth letter does he at last get to business, and then, of course, he is interesting enough. On Hugo and Dumas, on Lemaitre and Kean, on Rossini and Meyerbeer, Heine has said some of the best things possible, mixed of course with the inevitable Heinesque flings and capriciousness. Then after a section on George Sand, which shows him at his best and worst, we pass from the stage generally to the musical stage in particular in a group of articles which mainly date from the early forties, and contain the usual mixture of admirable sayings, offensive personalities (the worst of these being on Kalkbrenner), and the wildest divagation.

All this odd medley—which is certainly amusing enough, but of which we frankly confess we would give the whole for a single quatrain from any one of at least a hundred of the poems—Mr. Leland has illustrated with a pleasant gossiping commentary, for which he apologizes both at the beginning and at the end. A stern critic might certainly at some times call it rather desultory, and at others or the same not a little irrelevant; but, for our part, we have no objection whatever to make to it. Whether Mr. Leland confides to us the singular fact that European photographers generally fail, and American photographers always succeed, with him, discusses the fashions of 1840, points out what he thinks the right and what the wrong Socialism, tells us how he heard Jenny Lind, and learnt from the same teacher who had lectured Heine on art, repeats his amiable reprehension of his author's Anglophobia, gives us anecdotes of Tourguenief, American puns and gipsy traits, criticizes D jazet, or remarks on the difficulties of literary originality in the Chinese language, he is almost always worth reading. And if at any particular point any particular reader does not find him so, the form of his observations makes the liberty of skipping absolute and unconfined.

THE TWELFTH DUKE OF SOMERSET.*

BIOGRAPHY, which was once too wont to interpose the author between the reader and the subject, is now running into the opposite extreme. The Life, nowadays, is apt to suffer, not from an excess of commentary over text, but from the very reverse form of disproportion. We are debasing the excellent doctrine of allowing the hero "to speak for himself" into a superstition. To permit him to "run on" as he pleases, without either check or guidance, to take everything he has to give without any attempt at selection—this is not biography at all, at least if biography has any claims to be an art. Of course it is open to

the editor of the "letters, remains, and memoirs" of any deceased person to deny that it claims the character, any more than it assumes the name, of a biography. This plea, no doubt, is good for something; but it must not be worked too hard. It may avail to excuse a wide deviation from the form of biography, but not too pronounced a neglect of its essence. For, after all, the publication of such "letters, remains, and memoirs" has, in the majority of cases, a distinct biographical purpose. It is only now and then—and usually only in connexion with persons whose character and career are already well known to the world from other sources—that documents of this kind, not being avowed diaries or journals of public events, are published, or, indeed, are worth publishing, wholly on the ground of their objective value. Much more often the purpose of publication is to illustrate the personality of their subject; and since in that case the reader is dealing with what is in fact, if not in form, biography, he naturally looks for some of the assistance that a competent biographer is expected to render, and is disappointed if he does not get it.

His disappointment is the greater when, as is the case with these letters and memoirs of the twelfth Duke of Somerset, the figure which the volume only half unveils is one which strongly piques the curiosity. The title-page of the volume describes its contents as edited and arranged by W. H. Mallock and Lady Guendolen Ramsden, but the arrangement seems to have amounted merely to the ordination of the letters according to date, while the editorial part consists of a five-page introduction, presumably from the pen of Mr. Mallock, a couple of pages of valedictory remark, and some dozen or so of short commentarial paragraphs inserted here and there at wide intervals in over five hundred and thirty pages of text. The Duke, as Mr. Mallock says, was endowed with a personality which cannot fail to be interesting—

'Born to all the advantages which in the earlier part of the century distinguished descent and the highest rank could ensure, he was an example of their best and most characteristic results. An accomplished scholar, an acute philosophical thinker, a keen sportsman, a laborious member of Parliament, a welcome figure in the gay and fashionable world, and husband to the most beautiful and wittiest woman of her generation, he was a man whose life was as blameless as his position and his career were brilliant, and the charm of his character, regarded as a husband and father, was equalled only by his stainless integrity as statesman.'

This, surely, is a man whose biography was worth writing, and whose letters and memoirs were, at any rate, worth supplying with such elucidations as might have given them more autobiographical value. There are some men whose correspondence is, designedly or undesignedly, always more or less autobiographical, and there is probably no man who, writing privately about matters which keenly interest or deeply concern him, is not occasionally an autobiographer *malgr  lui*. But the late Duke of Somerset was not this very often or in any marked degree, and consequently we do not obtain from his letters anything like a complete or satisfying portrait of the man. They are the letters, no doubt, of an alert-minded man of the world, of a shrewd observer, and on occasion a caustic critic of mankind; but there is little more to be gathered from them as to the writer's character than that. They certainly do not show the "accomplished scholar"; nor can we quite admit that the Duke's claim to the character of an "acute philosophical thinker" is established by the two chapters containing the "larger and most important part" of two works published by him—one on "Christianity," and the other on "Monarchy and Democracy"—which have been somewhat inartistically sandwiched in between layers of the ducal correspondence. The former is a not particularly striking exercise in the mild Rationalism of the decade which succeeded the publication of *Essays and Reviews*; the latter, though of distinctly higher quality, can hardly be said to deserve higher praise than belongs to an acute analysis of the democratic theory and a trenchant exposure of its fallacies.

But, perhaps, the most disappointing effect of the letters is their failure to throw any additional light either upon the official career of the Duke or on the many interesting passages in our political history, in some of which he was an actor, and all of which he had peculiar opportunities of observing. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable that the correspondence of a statesman whose ministerial apprenticeship dated from as long ago as 1835, and who resigned his seat in the Cabinet for the last time in 1866, should add so little to our knowledge, either of the persons or events of the intervening period. Within the term of thirty-one years which is marked off by these two dates lay the struggle over the Corn Laws, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the commencement of the conflict over the second Reform Act. Yet it would be hard to discover any trace in the letters written by the Duke during these momentous episodes in our history.

* *Letters, Remains, and Memoirs of Edward Adolphus Seymour, Twelfth Duke of Somerset, K.G.* Selected and arranged by W. H. Mallock and Lady Guendolen Ramsden. London: Bentley & Son. 1893.

that anything remarkable was occurring. It may be, of course, that he has left behind him other documents relating to these important events which it would at present be indiscreet to make public; but this excuse, if it exists, comes dangerously near to a reason for not publishing the present volume, or at any rate for sending it forth unaccompanied by any biographical supplement of its shortcomings. And it is at any rate difficult to suppose that there are no written records in existence and fitted for publication from which we might have learnt something more than is at present generally known of the history of the last Administration in which the Duke held a prominent place. "Many and important," says Mr. Mallock, "as were the posts which he occupied, it is, if we consider him in the light of a public man, only as First Lord of the Admiralty that he principally claims attention; in which position, for complete grasp of his subject, for shrewdness, and for administrative capacity, those qualified to judge declare that he has never been surpassed." An enlightening account of his six years' tenure of office at the Admiralty could hardly have failed to gratify at least some of the curiosity which still survives in the minds of those who are of an age to remember the third Palmerston Administration and its personnel. The Duke's position in that Administration was in one respect like, and in another singularly unlike, that held by Lord Malmesbury in more than one Conservative Cabinet. Each of the two Ministers, that is to say, was held in high esteem for ability by his colleagues; and each was to the public something of a "dark horse"; but whereas Lord Derby's Foreign Secretary was the object of much undeserved popular ridicule, Lord Palmerston's First Lord of the Admiralty was popularly regarded with a no doubt just, but certainly a not much better authenticated, respect. The public conception of him was, as a Minister of high intellectual endowments, of rare political sagacity, and of a critical, not to say satirical, temper, of which even his colleagues were commonly supposed to stand in some awe. It was, therefore, only natural that those who can recall that estimate of the late Duke's character should have looked with considerable interest to this volume for its confirmation or correction, and that they should be proportionately disappointed at their failure to find what they sought.

To those, however, who are satisfied to dip into the book on the Hornerian principle for such good things as it may contain, one can promise a decent sufficiency of plums. One or two of the anecdotes of Lord Beaconsfield are highly characteristic and interesting, and the Duke's manifest, and almost fascinated, interest in that strange personality is alone sufficient to mark him off from the common order of Whig, whom it merely scandalized. The Duke's attitude towards the Conservative leader, with its mixture of frank admiration and satirical, but genially satirical, criticism, was for him the absolutely correct one, and wins our sympathy at once by its testimony to a human and humorous quality only too rare among the members of his party. Of his more caustic vein of commentary on men and events examples are not lacking; but among the greatest attractions are the few—too few—letters of the Duchess of Somerset, written in her youthful days as Lady Seymour. They have the family charm of natural wit and literary grace which has descended through three generations of Sheridans, and shines more brightly than ever to-day in the accomplished administrator, orator, and diplomatist whose great-grandfather was the author of the most brilliant comedy in the English language.

SCOTTISH FAIRY TALES.*

WE lately asserted the belief, to which we are wedded, that Scotch popular tales are not English popular tales. In a new collection of Scotch tales Sir George Douglas includes examples, not only from Lowland Scots, but from the Gaelic, and a story from Orkney so Norse in character that we might, perhaps, call it Scandinavian. Thus the island of Britain affords tales purely English in their present form, tales purely Scotch as they stand, Celtic tales, and tales in which the colour and form are due to Scandinavian influence. Geographically speaking, all the three later varieties are Scotch, and it is curious to observe in each species the marks of distinct national characters.

The purpose of Sir George Douglas's volume, he says, is literary, not mythological nor ethnological. His preface deals with the Celtic story-tellers as they were when Campbell of Islay went collecting. The information on this topic is, of course, familiar to readers of Islay's Highland Tales. Sir George then passes from the narrators to the stories, the Celtic heroic tales, and tales of animals. Scarce any attempt is made to compare and contrast these with the hero and animal narratives of other

peoples. Sir George then comes to stories displaying "a higher degree of fancy," and he asserts the existence of fancy both in Highlands and Lowlands, partly on the score of place-names. To be sure, "The Grey Mare's Tail" and "The Maiden's Paps" are but scanty examples of Lowland local nomenclature, compared with the innumerable sonorous Highland names with their poetical significance, Ardnamurchan, the headland of the great sea, Ardnornish, the headland of the falling waters, and so forth. Sir George justly remarks, however, that in the Lowlands "rustic poets and rhymesters are far from uncommon." Hogg was a common man, "plus genius," it is very true, and he did not exaggerate when he said he was "King o' the Mountain and Fairy Schule," adding "a far higher schule nor your ain, Sir Walter." The Scotch fairy, Sir George goes on, is not, as in England (or, we may say, in Drayton, Herrick, and Shakspeare), "airy, gracious, and harmless." Unluckily the Scotch fairy holds of the pre-Christian Hades, and apparently the unhappy witches under stress of torture accentuated the connexion, and mixed up fairies with the Accuser of the Brethren, the Devil. Climate and Calvinism, as Sir George says, deepened the gloom, and the very nursery songs (in Chambers) seem meant "to educate the passions of horror and sorrow in the child." Compare "The Tempted Lady," "The Fause Knight," and "The Strange Visitor," all of which we remember with a "grue." "The Croodin'" (or Croodlin') "Doo" is "another of the same," and has, we conceive, familiar Italian and French analogues. But Sir George Douglas's treatment is not comparative. Assuredly "this little song of child-life is queer fare to set before a child." The clergy did not discourage fairy lore, and Sir George scorns "the gross ignorance and darkness of the" (clerical) "writers' minds." These unlucky authors are, apparently, Fraser of Tiree (1707?), and Kirk of Aberfoyle (1691). The darkly ignorant Kirk was the translator of the Bible into Gaelic, *Lingua Hibernia Lumen*, says his tombstone, and we fear that we must differ from Sir George as to the benighted intellect of this excellent scholar and very worthy gentleman. The "pedantry" of his style does not disagreeably affect us. Brownies, ghosts, Shellycoat (the northern Glaucus), now occupy the editor. He does not, of course, compare the Brownie and the Italian *Lauro*, nor enter into "psychical" explanations of either. "The River Horse" or "Loch Bull" is the Australian Bunyip; he was testified to, more or less, before the Crofter Commission. Of course he is not peculiar to Scotland, though we do not elsewhere know the Kelpy, except among Bechuans and Red Indians; among the former, he is more of an animal; the Zulu Ingogo is of the family, but we know little of his personal appearance. The return of the dead to eat with the living, at certain seasons, is surely a belief almost world-wide, if rarely expressed so poetically as in "The Wife of Usher's Well." Giants, Sir George thinks, and callousness of feeling in regard to them, are most marked in Celtic tales, while Norse trolls or trolls are distinct from Scotch fairies. Certain resemblances between these beings may be considered later. "In general terms it may perhaps be said that the Highland tales display the more inexhaustibly luxurious invention, while those of the Lowlands have the advantage of a more clearly defined outline, and enjoy a monopoly in depth of humorous significance." The last statement will probably be contested by the Gael. Sir George next touches on the literary men who employ popular tradition. It is new to us that Dougal Graham, author of the rhymed history of the Forty-five, is suspected of having written "The Witty Exploits of George Buchanan." Some examples of local romance follow, treasures, pipers' caves (as Mackinnon's), "louns," as of Lowrie, on Etrick, of the Tinker, on Dee, of the soldier at Killiecrankie, all the romance of the Scotch country-side—a charming topic.

Had Sir George collected and published these forms of local romance, we might feel more grateful than we do for "the main feck" of his volume, extracts from Henderson, Hogg, Scott, Chambers, Islay, Stewart, and other familiar sources. We shall not dwell on what is so well known, nor try to account for the absence of "The Black Bull o' Norroway" and "The Red Etin of Ireland." It is more desirable to comment on what in this volume is *inédit* or rare. Thus we have (p. 58) "Assipattle and the Mester Stoorworm," collected by Mr. W. Traill Dennison in the Orkneys. This is Scandinavian. Assipattle is the Cinderella, whom Sir George Dasent, to the indignation of Orcadians, chooses to call "Boots." The tale is a Hesione formula; the hero is not the blacksmith, as in St. John's town of Palry, but the Cinderella at Leegarth. This is an excellent piece, holds many good ancient words, and in "Oddie" perhaps a memory of Odin. Has Mr. Traill Dennison more of such wares in his wallet?

Habitrot (from Mr. Wilkie's MS.) is a Selkirkshire *Rumpelstiltskin*. The "colludie stone" is novel; but the poem on the piece

* *Scottish Fairy Tales; and other Folk Tales*. Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart. London: Walter Scott.

seems modern and literary, at least in expression. Mr. Ollason supplies a story of trows who steal a woman in childbirth, leaving a wooden image, reminding us of the Iroquois "Dead Wife." This is given by the narrator, Mr. Bill Robertson, of Lerwick, as a true tale. The trows are accompanied by "psychical phenomena," raps, and *trüling*, "most unearthly knocks." If there are any "psychical phenomena," their part in the evolution of folklore tales has yet to be analysed. The last Border fairy is given from the mouth of a Jedwater shepherd, who died in 1830. It was seen and heard by his father, Peter Oliver. There is an *inédit* fairy, of the same date, in Peeblesshire. A pretty poem on this tale, by Mr. Telfer, in Saughtree, Liddesdale, is given. "The Spectre Piper" (from Mr. Kennedy) haunts the scene of a fight between "Charlie's men" and the English, in Badenoch. The fight, in the legend, was at least as important an affair as that at Clifton. Historically we do not know it, nor can one fancy Prince Charles, as in this narrative, trying to hold back his men. As Lord George Murray complains, his simple tactics were to fight on every possible occasion. There may have been a skirmish, however, and the ghosts fight their battle o'er again, while Mr. Kennedy has seen claymores, dirks, and gun-barrels found on the spot. Prince Charlie's cave, between Rannoch and Dalnacardoch, has a Highland ghost, we learn, seen of late by a sportsman. We can vouch for a precisely similar appearance in Mackinnon's cave in Mull. But he was only seen by two persons out of four who were present. Whether Prince Charles ever occupied this particular cavern is another question. Mr. Frazer's work on the second sight supplies many telepathic anecdotes; as usual the vision can be communicated by contact. One tale is connected with the Tobermory treasure-ship. Comic and literary tales follow; the former include Scotch variants of drolls, the latter a story of rats leaving a ruined family. The incident is said to have occurred on the lands of Sir George Douglas. He has made use of MSS. collected by a Mr. Wilkie for Scott, and if he has more of this treasure available, it is to be hoped that he will publish such parts of it as are not already familiar. A book full of good reading may, indeed, be collected out of Hogg, Scott, Henderson, Islay, Chambers, and Stewart; but the real value of Sir George Douglas's collection lies in its original materials. It is probable that he can add to these, at the least he can certainly record what we have called the romance of the country-side. The tale of the Last Cateran (which we have heard in Sutherland) is worthy of Scott, and is, we think, unpublished. There is a very considerable amount of unfamiliar tradition, much of it later than the Forty-five, in both Highlands and Lowlands. If Sir George Douglas can bring it together in the very words of the narrators, he will deserve well of many readers who do not care at all for the more primitive folklore. The task is most alluring, and probably local correspondents would be ready to aid. Not even all the Covenanted memories are exhausted; the Highlands and Galloway are full of stories semi-historical and unpublished. There is room for a story-collecting tour of Scotland, but it is not every man who can make the people talk freely about their legends. Though Sir George Douglas's present instalment is good, he has only to roam the country-side, to colloque with shepherds, ministers, auld wives, keepers, boatmen, children, and extract from them a volume much more fresh, original, and entertaining. The *Border Magazine* contained two excellent examples of what we mean—the "Treasure of Oakwood Tower," and the "Ghaist of the Bishop's Stone." The narrator did not give his name, but he could tell a story rarely. But, alas! the *Border Magazine* died in a year.

THE MUMMY.*

INTO a very moderate space Dr. Wallis Budge has packed almost all the results of modern Egyptological research. The preservation of the embalmed body, or mummy, was the chief end and aim of every Egyptian who wished for everlasting life, and it is owing to his care in providing for that preservation that we are able to know so much about the religion, manners, and learning of a country which was already ancient before any other nation had begun to show itself upon the page of history. Of late years English scholars have been foremost in the investigation of the facts relating to old Egypt, and Dr. Budge has risen to the highest place among them. The present volume condenses much scattered information on the Egyptian race and language, on chronology, on the nomes of Upper and Lower Egypt, on the discovery of the meaning of hieroglyphics, on the

many amulets, scarabs, rings, beads, and other objects which were buried with the mummy, on the names and figures of the gods, and on the different kinds of tombs, mastabas, pyramids, and grottoes, from which all our now extensive knowledge is derived. In short, this is an epitome of Egyptology, and worth a whole library of older books. Here and there it may be thought that Dr. Budge is too sure; here and there also he is apt to forget that some at least of his readers will hardly be able to follow him. But, on the whole, he has been at great pains to explain everything, and to account for each statement and fact. He gives, too, the Coptic, Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac equivalents of many words and phrases used in the course of his argument, thus showing himself a worthy pupil of the late Professor Wright, the delivery of whose lectures on the comparative grammar of the Semitic family of languages marks an epoch in the history of philology. It would be impossible to go regularly through Dr. Budge's encyclopedic treatise, but we may glance briefly at one or two of the more interesting of the points he takes up, especially where his views are new, clear, and distinct.

For example, as to priority in reading hieroglyphics, Dr. Budge puts the whole case and the questions involved in no uncertain light. He gives the opinions of the best authorities, the grounds on which they rest, and, finally, his own judgment upon them. The result is certainly unexpected. Briefly told, the story seems to be as follows:—Dr. Young, who had a wonderful genius for languages, and was foreign secretary to the Royal Society, where he is chiefly remembered by his scientific discoveries, took the decipherment of the Rosetta Stone as a holiday task, and speedily made a small but most important discovery. This was as early as 1813. About the same time Champollion was at work, but had made little progress. About the middle of 1815 De Sacy sent a letter to Young acknowledging the receipt of a paper on the subject, which, he says, he had lent to Champollion. At the same time De Sacy warns Young not to communicate too much of his discoveries to Champollion. In 1818 Young published his discoveries and views in a supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the article was immediately sent to Paris, where it must have been seen by Champollion. He, however, had what can only be described as "the effrontery" to deny that he had ever heard of Young's discovery, his object being, of course, to claim priority for himself. After all, Young had not made out much; but, little as it was, it undoubtedly put Champollion on the right track. Young's article in the *Encyclopædia* is, says Dr. Budge, "of very great importance in the history of the decipherment of the hieroglyphics," and had Young taken the trouble of having it printed as a separate volume, the results borrowed from it by Champollion would have been more easily identified. Young eventually published a vindication of his own priority as regards Champollion; but Dr. Budge shows that neither of them allowed enough for the previous labours of a learned Swede named Akerblad, and even he, again, had been preceded by Zoega, who in 1797 published a book on the obelisks at Rome, in which he showed that the hieroglyphics were letters, and that the cartouches contained royal names. That progress was so slow after this point had been gained only shows that the problem was attacked by the wrong people. Young was a physician, a very busy man, whose life was devoted to natural philosophy, not to Egyptology. Champollion took years to arrive at the position occupied by Young in a few months, and eventually, by giving himself up wholly to the subject, he was able to do brilliant work, and to advance the study of hieroglyphics more than any one else has ever been able to do. The one blot on his fame is the denial of his indebtedness to Young. It is, says Dr. Budge, to be regretted that Champollion did not state more clearly what Young had done, "for a full acknowledgment of this would have in no way injured or lessened his own immortal fame."

The most interesting chapter after this one on the discovery of the clue to hieroglyphics is, perhaps, that on inscribed amulets, and, in particular, of scarabs. An enormous amount of research is there boiled down into a very small space. Dr. Budge has found the plural "scarabæes" in Beaumont and Fletcher, and he quotes the early Christian writers on the subject—Ambrose, Porphyry, and others, as well as Westwood and Latreille among naturalists. There is a good passage about modern forgeries, which Dr. Budge considers more deceptive than Professor Petrie will allow. It is satisfactory to know that the collection of scarabs bearing royal names in the British Museum is the best and most complete in the world.

Briefly, there is very little to be learnt about the Mummy which cannot be found within the compass of this one volume of less than four hundred pages.

* *The Mummy: Chapters on Egyptian Funereal Archaeology.* By E. A. Wallis Budge, LL.D., F.S.A. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1893.

LADIES AT WORK.*

THIS book is a series of "Papers on Paid Employments for Ladies by experts in the several branches." We must at the outset protest against the title. It is, no doubt, meant to suggest the employments that gentlewomen may advantageously avail themselves of; but this is conveyed in the second half of the title, and the first word ought to have been "Women." We have only to figure to ourselves a title-page inscribed with "Gentlemen at Work" to see how ridiculous is the use of the word as used here. Having said this much, we have no further criticism to make of an unfriendly nature concerning this little work. It forms an interesting sequel to the work on *Women's Mission*, essays edited by Lady Burdett-Coutts, and noticed lately in these columns, which gave us an insight into the labours, philanthropic and scientific, in which the women of our day are engaged. The papers before us keep strictly to their title, and deal solely with the employments by which educated women can earn a living or increase a slender income. Lady Jeune's introduction is worthy of the papers which she edits. She writes, as she always does when she knows anything about the subject on which she is writing, with force and accuracy. Lady Jeune starts with the right premises. "To the majority of women," she says, "the profession ordained by nature will be the one open to them, and in no other is their influence more potent or wide-spreading; but every woman cannot be a wife and a mother, and it is to such women that all the questions with which this volume deals are so important." Granting, as statistics oblige us to do, that there are unmarried women in the world, and that a fair proportion of these have no male breadwinner to whom they can look for support—granting yet again that it is no longer possible to dismiss them with the cry, "Get thee to a nunnery," the world has been forced into the conviction that they must live, and that to live they must work in the professions which a short time since were the exclusive property of the "gentlemen."

This position has had to be fought for; it would probably not have been worth the having without it; and Lady Jeune gives the credit which is due to those women-pioneers who led the way against prejudice and stupidity. She says truly:—"A less ambitious programme, a less courageous attack would have failed in its object; but the ability and determination of the leaders of the movement arrested public attention, and, though they met with determined opposition, they commanded the respect of the community, who watched with increasing eagerness the chances and changes of the fight." And Lady Jeune only states the truth when she frankly admits that the antagonists have been generous, and that the fight has been, on the whole, fairly fought.

Fourteen professions are here dealt with. *Authorship* is written by Charlotte M. Yonge, whose works alone give the history of the lives and thoughts of women in the last fifty years. Probably Miss Yonge is hardly herself aware how, in her later works, she has had to change the milieu of her women's lives, though she has never for an instant lost her firm belief in the ideal of womanliness. None of these experts write in glowing colours; they tell the novice who is setting her hand to any professional work the sober, hard truth concerning it, and the life it necessitates; and we unhesitatingly say that it is a book which should be studied by all those who are starting their career as breadwinners.

Several professions are left unnoticed—secretaryships, including shorthand and type-writing, and, above all, work in the political field. The paid-woman canvasser and lecturer is recognized and employed now by all political associations, though much of the labour is still done by voluntary workers. Still, it is a universally-admitted fact that it is a region in which women are capable of good work, and that their organizations form a marked feature in every constituency.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

1.

WITH every returning Christmas we have long been accustomed to look with pleased anticipation for M. Jules Verne's contributions to the gaiety of the season. A new book by this wonder-working writer naturally inspires some curiosity. It may prove to be such as only M. Verne could write, or an example of M. Verne's later style, with which we have, for lack of the older and better, contented ourselves the last three years or so. For M. Verne has two distinct methods. He will devise a story of elaborate "machinery," as old critics used to say, in

which a cunning mingling of old romance and new science is productive of a piquant, and sometimes humorous, incongruity. Or he will tell a story of adventure pure and simple, the marvels of which are of the physical kind, such as stir not the speculative sense, and demand no explaining-away process. Such a story, good though it be, from M. Verne is scarcely Verne-like. Other clever writers, of nimble fancy and prodigal invention, might have produced, for example, *Madame Branican*, of last year, or *César Cascabel*. But no one but M. Verne could have written *The Castle of the Carpathians* (Sampson Low & Co.). In this story the author is himself again; and we rejoice. He builds up a wonderful structure of romance, in which a mysterious Baron, a love-lorn Count, a misanthropic inventor, and other strange folk play their parts, with a haunted castle for theatre. Then he privily shows you the engineering of the whole, and, like a wanton schoolboy, shatters the fabric by means of the telephone, and electricity, and such-like trumpery forces of modern science. We must applaud the ingenuity of the scheme, even while we resent the disillusion. We may not care greatly to know that M. Verne has benefited by the researches of M. Elisée Reclus. Nor do we value the realistic note about the Muscovite thorn, or thistle, which was introduced by Russian horses to the Carpathian pastures. Better were it that he made his own vegetation in the old fearless way of romancers. But, despite these concessions to a scientific age, the French romancer has a fearless way of his own which delights us not a little. The deserted Castle in the Carpathians has an evil repute. It is death to have any dealings with it, in the opinion of the village of Werst, the nearest inhabited place. There is hideous panic among the people, therefore, when it is discovered, by means of a telescope, that smoke is seen issuing from the battlements. The people discuss the portent at the village inn, which is kept by one Jonas, a Jew, who is said to be "of pleasing physiognomy, though rather Semitic"—which is a pleasing statement. As it is the close of the present century, there is, of course, a sceptic among them, the village doctor, and he is the veriest coward of the company. By ridicule and threats the doctor is at length induced to make a tour of inspection to the Castle with a certain young forester. They arrive at the Castle, after a trying journey, at night, and have a terrible time. Horrible noises arouse them, strange lights play on the flying clouds about the mountain, and awful forms hover in the air. The fright of the doctor is thus described:—"His muscles retracted, his skin bristled, his pupils dilated, his body was seized with tetanic rigidity." And then, with dreadful bathos, it is added, "As the poet of the 'Contemplations' remarks, 'he breathed in terror'—and no wonder. By the morning light they attempt to enter the Castle, but are utterly repulsed. Some days after this exploit they are found and brought back to the village half dead with fright and shock. Then the love-lorn Count arrives, and hears the story. He suspects that the Baron has returned secretly to the home of his ancestors. Years before they had been rivals. The object of their adoration was La Stilla, the beautiful operatic star at La Scala. The Count was the successful wooer. But the very last night of the last season the Baron contrived by some diabolical agency to kill La Stilla on the stage as she was concluding her farewell performance. But he had taken the precaution to preserve her singing by means of the phonograph. Oft in the still night he would revive the enchanting voice of La Stilla in the halls of the lonely castle. There for a time he and the inventor lay low. But when they learned, by telephone, of the arrival of the Count and the probable siege of the Castle by police, they were determined to blow up the building sooner than surrender. The Count is lured into the Castle by the apparition of the figure of La Stilla in her white singing-robes, which is projected on to the battlements of the Donjon Tower from a painting—what will not science do?—and powerful reflectors. The Count enters eagerly, and is, of course, trapped. The final catastrophe is harrowing. The Baron might have escaped, but he would not survive the shattering of his phonograph by a chance bullet from the police. The Castle is sent heavenward with a terrific roar, and the Count is found among the ruins, insensible, and for a season lunatic. A magnificent, yet dolorous, curtain to the drama. And the moral of it all is, that they are still superstitious down in the village of Werst.

Mr. G. A. Henty seeks, as is his wont, less sensational sources of interest, yet the three books before us by this capital writer are scarcely less rousing, in their very different style, than M. Verne's. The difficult and excellent object of making history subserve the end of fiction without falling into the tedious manner of set instruction is attained by Mr. Henty with unusual success. As with the play, the story's the thing in Mr. Henty's practised hands. The hero with his chequered course of adven-

* *Ladies at Work*. With an Introduction by Lady Jeune. London: Innes & Co.

ture, mishap, and success, in the field of arms, or in other spheres, is rightly dominant, and claims our sympathy from first to last. Boys will certainly delight in Mr. Henty's stirring tale of the fortunes of a young Englishman during the conquest of the Punjab—*Through the Sikh War* (Blackie & Son)—and in the not less lively recital of an English boy's experience in the Huguenot wars, *St. Bartholomew's Eve* (Blackie & Son). Mr. Henty has never drawn upon his remarkable resources as a storyteller with better effect than in these spirited stories. The romance of another period of history is cleverly illustrated in *A Jacobite's Exile* (Blackie & Son), which, though a Jacobite story, deals with a less hackneyed theme than the rising of 1715 or the '45. The hero and his father are falsely accused of plotting against the life of William III. Devoted to the Stuarts as they are, they are of Clancarty's mind with respect to assassins. Hence they are forced to fly the country, the hero entering the service of Charles XII. of Sweden, under whose command he performs mighty deeds in Russia and Poland. This, also, is a bright and engaging story. All three of Mr. Henty's books are well illustrated by Mr. Hurst, Mr. H. J. Draper, and Mr. Paul Hardy, and a useful feature of each is a map of the country dealt with.

Among writers of books for boys Mr. Ballantyne still holds his own, and in *The Walrus Hunters* (Nisbet & Co.) shows no falling away in vigour and freshness. Just as he has charmed past generations of boys, many of whom live to delight in every addition to the Ballantyne books, so is his appeal to the present generation. *The Walrus Hunters* is "a story of the ice-world," of Eskimos and Red Indians, of traders and hunters, admirably diversified in incident and full of interest in all respects. Chunbuk, the Eskimo, and the benevolent trader MacSweeney, of the various persons introduced, must be accounted among the author's happiest sketches of character. In *Westward with Columbus* (Blackie & Son) Dr. Gordon Stables deals with one of the most inspiring themes that a writer could devise, and his treatment is such that cannot fail to hold boys enrapt. It would be hard, indeed, for any writer to wield so mechanic a pen as would tarnish the romance of the voyage of Columbus. Dr. Stables tells of the boyhood of Columbus, as well as the achievements of the discoverer and navigator, and from both points of view his work is well done. But why should he, hating a preface as he does, write a preface—a preface of odd superfluity, by the way—in which he tells us he is "no sneak, but a plain-spoken British sailor"? Mr. Alfred Pearce's drawings are good illustrations altogether, though we cannot understand why the artist should represent Columbus in prison as an ancient mariner of some four-score years apparently.

Gold, Gold in Cariboo, by Clive Philipps-Wolley (Blackie & Son), is a story of gold-mines in British Columbia early in the sixties, and of certain adventurers who sought for gold in the upper waters of the Frazer River and met with perils that are like to leave boys breathless to read of. The story reads like a "true relation," so vivacious is it, and so strong in actuality. Possibly the author draws on his own experiences, particularly in the striking description of Cariboo and of the "weird ugliness" of the Frazer River. Be this as it may, Mr. Philipps-Wolley's story is good all through. Mr. David Lawson Johnstone's *In the Land of the Golden Plume* (W. & R. Chambers) is also a story of treasure-seeking, though not so much of a search for gold as a find. And a prodigious find it proves to be. The father of two small boys leaves his family in Queensland and voyages alone to New Guinea to mend his fortune. Nothing is heard of him for some years until quite unexpectedly a friend arrives with news for the boys and their guardian. Captain Barkham brings a letter of good cheer and a package containing gold nuggets. These pretty credentials naturally set the youngsters agog to join their father. The desire is gratified. The party with a friendly native explore the new land, fall into strange adventures with Papuan head-hunters and others, and in the end gather much fine gold.

Mr. David Ker, in the preface to his *Prisoner among Pirates* (W. & R. Chambers), refers to a certain historical license he has permitted himself in representing his hero as serving under Blake instead of Sir Christopher Mings. History requires that we should read the less famous of these names as the commander with whom Jack Narborough, afterwards Sir John, fought so gallantly against the "Turks" and before Tunis. The point is a slight one. Mr. Ker's story of Barbary corsairs and Christian slaves in the days of Cromwell is vigorous and persuasive enough to suffer nowise from the little inaccuracies noted by the conscientious author. His story is extremely well told. The account of the capture of the *Lion* by corsairs, and its gallant recapture by Narborough and his sailors, is one of the best of true stories, and with excellent skill is it woven into the fabric of Mr. Ker's fiction. *The Last Trader*, by Henry Frith (W. & R. Chambers),

is a sea story of a somewhat ordinary type, the chief incidents of which are tolerably well-worn. The crew of an Indian mutiny and master the vessel. The captain escapes and is lost sight of, while pirates suddenly descend on the mutineers. The sorrowing family and friends of the missing captain fit out a search expedition from Rotherhithe, and, after the inevitable delays and adventures, attain their object.

In *Africa with the Union Jack*, by W. Pimblett (Virtue & Co.), comprises in condensed form the story of the British army in Africa, from the days of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt and the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth to the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon. *Warriors of Britain*, by Walter Richards (Virtue & Co.), a book similar in style and treatment, comprises sketches of various historical personages—King Arthur is of the company—who were good fighters or distinguished generals. These books might prove useful in overcoming the aversion for history which many small boys feel. *The Story of Napoleon Bonaparte* (W. & R. Chambers) is another historical sketch, and a little book on a great subject that deserves the favour of many young readers. *Fifty-two Stories of Boyhood and Youth*, edited by A. H. Miles (Hutchinson & Co.), comprises some capital yarns by Ascott R. Hope, David Ker, G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, and others, with reprints from Hawthorne, Poe, and American writers. Another miscellany of short tales is *Phil Thorndyke's Adventures*, &c., by F. M. Wilbraham and others (John Hogg), illustrated by resplendent, not to say gawdy, chromos. We have also to note a new edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, with Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations (Blackie & Son); a new edition of Mr. Manville Fenn's entertaining story of New Guinea, *Bunyip Land* (Blackie & Son), also illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne; a new and revised edition of *Footsteps to Fame*, by J. Hain Friswell (Hogg); and *Menhardoc*, a story of Cornish Mines, by G. Manville Fenn (Blackie & Son), new edition, illustrated by C. J. Staniland, R.I.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BARON PAUL THIÉBAULT (1), Napoleonic general and military writer, whose memoirs are now published for the first time by his only surviving daughter, Mlle. Claire Thiébault, was the son of Dieudonné Thiébault, the well-known reader and chronicler of Frederick the Great, upon whose characteristics as a man and a historian Carlyle is not unfrequently severe. Dieudonné Thiébault was born in 1733, between which and the year 1893—wherein his granddaughter is still alive—many things have happened. The general himself was born in 1769, and lived to see the downfall of Louis Philippe, having also in his allotted time seen not a little water pass under the bridge. We do not remember having had occasion to consult his professional works on the defence of Paris, &c., but this present one, though by no means ill written, exhibits something of that dallying over insipid and trivial details in the son which Carlyle found so irritating in the father. M. Calmettes, who has lent Mlle. Thiébault his services as editor, admits that the idea of abridgment occurred to him; but he rejected it, and perhaps did well, for the reader is such a malignant and a turbaned Turk in matter of abridgment that he always suspects the editor of having left out exactly what he wants to read. Before many pages have been read the kind of book to be expected is clear. The author divagates widely, and his own career is not recounted with much clearness of date. But, on the other hand, we hear how M. de Sozzi, his mother's uncle, shot, or did not shoot, a position; how Mme. de Genlis saw her son, just as he was dying, at the foot of her bed with a pair of blue wings on; how Mme. de Troussel had a most mediævally sounding cosmetic which made her beautiful, but would have killed her if the air had got to it before the lapse of a certain time; how a Berlin practical joker once managed to limit the viands of a picnic party to sixteen sucking-pigs; and how a large German lady once ate sixty-four hard eggs one after the other.

This obstinate triviality continues more or less throughout the book, and is especially noticeable on the eve of the Revolution when Thiébault occupies pages on pages over minute details of throwing waiters into the water, of elaborate swimming parties of both sexes in the Seine, and of his own firm and noble conduct when a young lady refused to dance with him and then danced with somebody else. He did not challenge his supplanter; but made the girl's mother take her home, an arrangement of which at this distance of time and change of manners we fail to see the heroism. The Revolution, however, was bound to sober, at least to some extent, the giddiest pate; and, though Thiébault is

(1) *Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault*. Paris: Plon.

still astonishingly prodigal of petty detail, he gives some serious "lights." He wrote late enough to take cognizance of both Thiers and Mignet, and corrects them both with a rather peremptory "Cela est faux" in various details. His old twaddler of a father was a moderate Revolutionary, and Paul Thiébault joined the National Guard at once; but his section, that of the Feuillants, was notoriously moderate, and he was on special terms of comradeship with the still more "aristo" section of the Filles Saint-Thomas. A very strong personal dislike of the Royal Family (the chief exception being made for the Count of Provence) shows itself; and one story, for which he personally vouches, certainly explains Louis XVI.'s want of personal popularity. When the King was walking one day in the Tuilleries Gardens, a little dog, belonging to a lady, got in his way. Its mistress called it back, but, before it had time to obey, the King struck at it with a heavy stick he was carrying, broke its spine, and passed on laughing, while the owner was weeping over her dying pet. If this is true, it explains even more than is explained by the incidents of the flight to Varennes—where, by the way, Thiébault puts most of the blame on Bouillé.

He was at this time of his life, at any rate, too much of a fribble and a featherhead to write with frequent impressiveness, but he has a picture of Théroigne de Méricourt on her brief day of glory, which has something of that quality. As the violent party, however, got more and more the upper hand, Paris grew distasteful to him, and after being disappointed (with his father) of a civil post in the Vosges, he joined the army on the frontier. He served at Valmy, but was unlucky; for, having been favoured by Dumouriez, and being found with a letter of "General Egalité's" on him, he had a very close shave of the still closer shaving little window; he was, however, admitted to bail, and returned to frontier service. As far, however, as this volume takes us (1795) we hear nothing very interesting in the military way, but only a string of petty incidents, a *bonne fortune* or two, and a great deal about his brother-in-law Jouy, afterwards the bulwark of the classics in the great romantic battle of Charles X.'s last days, but now, it would seem, a youthful scapegrace, and something of a scoundrel. Thiébault has something to say, too, about one of the oddest figures of the Revolution, Saint-Huruge; and a little earlier he describes an English ceremony called "*le passavine*," which consisted in four men emptying sixteen bottles of wine, after a copiously moistened repast, by swallowing glass after glass as quickly as they could. The wretches sent the wine round the wrong way! The book is worth reading, or at least turning over, despite its desultoriness, its trivial pettiness, and the author's silly vanity. As an instance of the latter, we may mention a note in which he says that he was always indifferent to what he ate, and when he dined alone was content to order nothing but an invariable menu—*purée de riz, bifteck aux pommes, salmon with caper sauce, an omelette soufflée, and bûche à la crème*. This lack of daintiness, he says gravely, and without the slightest apparent aiming at irony or humour, "was useful to me on service, where one has no opportunity to vary one's fare." His contemporary, Lord Chatham, with his famous declaration that "*he was no epicure when campaigning; a chicken and a bottle of claret would serve him at any time*," becomes really a Spartan beside this simple-tasted and garrulous son of Frederick's garrulous reader.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Italian poets represented in Mr. G. A. Greene's *Italian Lyrists of To-day* (Mathews & Lane), a volume of translations and biographical notes, comprise those writers who, with Carducci at their head, inspired the revolt against the Romanticist tradition which, through the genius of Manzoni, was so long a vital force in Italian literature. The period dealt with by Mr. Greene starts with the early sixties, when what he describes as the second generation of the Italian Romanticists was in an exhausted state. Italian authors ceased to be read, as Mr. Greene somewhat boldly asserts, and even Prati and Alceardi were afraid to publish. The time was ripe for revolt. The situation is summarized by Mr. Greene in his remarks on the inevitable reaction and its characteristics:—"It must be anti-Catholic, which in Italy means anti-Christian; it must be anti-Romantic, which in the Italy of to-day can only be classical, that is Pagan; it must be anti-ascetic, anti-conventional; it must demand freedom for mind and for art, now that freedom in the political sphere had been obtained." Hence, Mr. Greene observes, "the 'Veristi,' the realists of Italy; hence Carducci's 'Hymn to Satan'; hence Praga and Stecchetti." The reaction against the old order is here described in sufficiently comprehensive terms, yet not all of the thirty and more poets re-

presented in this volume can be said to exemplify the movement of which Carducci is rightly regarded as the active spirit. The youthful associates of that poet—Chiarini, Nencioni, Vittorio Betteloni, and others of the school—are well represented, together with extremists like Stecchetti; but many of the younger followers of Carducci, such as Gabriele d'Annunzio, are now intent on fresh streams of development. And so it is with the "Veristi." They present striking points of divergence and not a few had at no time anything in common with Carducci or Stecchetti. The realistic quality of the war poems of Edmondo de Amicis is in no way peculiar to the new order of poetry. The "Veristi," indeed, have developed in new ways beyond anything exhibited in Mr. Greene's specimens. There is, for example, that remarkable poem *Il Mio Poema*, by Pietro Ridolfi-Bolognesi, a writer not named by the translator. In short, just as the so-called "Veristi" have become separated into well-defined sections, the anti-Romanticists of Carducci's era are in many instances classicists only in the extremely narrow sense that they are not Romantic. Mr. Greene, however, though he gives no specimens of Praga, who was much more in the movement than other poets here translated, and appears to estimate the vitality of the revival of Italian poetry somewhat higher than some would, is a liberal interpreter of the period treated. His specimens are well selected, and include some excellent translations. We are not in the least disposed to regret that no version is given of Carducci's Satanic hymn. It is true that poem is of historic interest. Many good "Liberals" doubtless thought that the Pope would fly to some new Avignon, and monarchs tremble in their palaces, when this curious poetic fulminant was launched into the political air. But now we smile at the thought of its thunder-striking power. The interest of Carducci's work for us is purely literary. It centres in the *Odi Barbare*, and the poet's metrical experiments in adapting classical metres to the tongue of modern Italy. Mr. Greene has gallantly done certain of these so-called sapphics and alcaics into English equivalents. If they strike us as somewhat Harveian, if not Southeyan, we would not cite them as examples of the vanity of translation against Mr. Greene. Italians who do still value their Horace are, we believe, of like mind with regard to the original poems. Carducci's odes are something of a crux to the translator, and Mr. Greene has done as well as could be expected. His version of the "Canto del Foco" of Alfredo Baccelli, the youngest and the best inspired of Carducci's disciples in classicism, is distinctly good. Good, also, are the versions from Gabriele d'Annunzio's *Canto novo*, especially the pretty stanzas, "O Falce di Luna calante," and the sonnets. Of Arnobaldi Mr. Greene gives only the well-known "Rhamse II."—a fair rendering of that rather specious piece of rhetoric. Arrigo Boito, by the way, is the author of a much finer poem on a similar subject; but of Boito Mr. Greene gives only the sonnet from Verdi's *Falstaff*, which has already been Englished. But Boito is even more "difficult" than Carducci, and Mr. Greene is scarcely more than just when he speaks of this poet's "ingenious perversity of diction." Even less known to English readers are the poems of Severino Ferrari and of Augusto Ferrero, the novelist, both of whom figure in this selection, associated with the depressing lays of the gloomy Arturo Graf, the sweeter and brighter lyrical style of Enrico Panzacchi, and the sonnets of that good Carduccian, Guido Mazzoni. Altogether, a wide field is surveyed in this interesting book, of which Carducci is still the most eminent figure.

A greater poet than any discussed in Mr. Greene's volume is the object of Mr. Francis H. Cliffe's enthusiastic comment and faithful translation in *The Poems of Leopardi* (Remington & Co.). Leopardi is one of those poets who are above "movements" and not to be classed with a "school." He suffered for a time from imitative and glib followers; but now, it seems, the plague is stayed. His melodious laments have such music and pathos and "heart" in them as to place them beyond the envy or vanity of revolutionists. Such, at least, would be the conclusion of those who read these translations, not knowing the originals; nor is it needful to say more of Mr. Cliffe's renderings than that they do not fail to retain something of Leopardi's intensity and poignant depth of lyrical feeling.

Recollections of Countess Theresa Brunswick, by Mariam Tenger (Fisher Unwin), translated from the German by Gertrude Russell, is an interesting contribution to the story of Beethoven's life, since it comprises the personal recollections of a lady who knew the Countess Theresa, and is able to confirm the impression of Thayer, Beethoven's biographer, that the Countess was the "unsterbliche Geliebte" to whom the composer had addressed the famous letter found after his death among his papers. According to Mme. Tenger, the story of Beethoven's engagement to the Countess is clear enough. The year following the production of *Fidelio* at Vienna, the Countess became engaged to

Beethoven, as she informed the writer more than forty years after the event. The identity, also, of the portrait of the Countess was found carefully preserved among Beethoven's treasures, and, after remaining in the possession of his nephew's widow and her family, was bequeathed to Hellmesberger, the conductor, as an acknowledgment of his successful endeavour to secure the reinterment of the remains of Beethoven and Schubert at Vienna in 1863. The portrait of the Countess is reproduced in the frontispiece to the present volume.

Mr. Robert Kempt's chatty little book about Scotch inns and their history—*Convivial Caledonia* (Chapman & Hall)—is a collection of articles reprinted from the *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press*. Mr. Kempt presents a goodly gathering of anecdotes and tavernlore, though somewhat suggestive of what the late Professor Aytoun called "a tour in the alcoholic districts of Scotland." The Scots may be a convivial people, but Scotland never was a country of substantial roadside inns and jolly landlords like England. Old ale and old bottled port and Burgundy were the all-sufficient signs within a good old English inn. The Scotch tavern was modern, in comparison, and too much of a "hottel."

Something of an encyclopædic companion is offered to the art-student in the English translation of Professor Franz Sales Meyer's *Handbook of Ornament* (Batsford), which deals with all the kinds of ornament and all the applications of ornament, architectural, sculptural, and all descriptions of handicraft, after a sound and practical system. The first division of the book treats of motives or bases of ornament—geometrical, natural, or artificial forms. Thence the course of the Handbook embraces the classification of these forms in practice, and the application of ornament in the various crafts. The illustrations comprise some three thousand examples, the more important of which are ascribed in the text to their original sources, with dates, particulars of style, and so forth. The principles of design are fully elucidated in this comprehensive handbook. Mr. Joseph Harrison, of the Nottingham School of Art, who writes the preface, is certainly well advised when he warns students that the illustrations are not given to be copied merely, but to stimulate the creative faculty. We should expect, however, that this rich store of examples must inevitably tempt students to convey boldly, or adapt, from it to a great extent.

In *The Last Tenant* (Hutchinson & Co.) Mr. B. L. Farjeon tells a story of a haunted house, which opens in promising fashion and fades into the light of common melodrama. The supernatural element is handled by the writer in a somewhat halting manner. He has written better stories of mysterious London houses than this legend of No. 79 Lamb's Terrace. The ghost-scene in the haunted house is excellent, and there is more than a Polytechnic thrill about the spectral cat that haunts the philanthropic detector of crime. But the cat tails off, like the rest.

Mr. William Tirebuck's "Welsh idyll," *Sweetheart Gwen* (Longmans & Co.), is a story that takes an autobiographical form, and that of a kind decidedly uncommon. Instead of the narrator being the centre of interest, he is quite a secondary character, and the tale is told in the third person, as of a second self, as it were. The heroine is a charming creature, and her story is set forth with an attractive grace that holds on to the last word. The Welsh dairy-woman, Felicity, is drawn with excellent humour. Her freaks of speech and of manner, her irascible temper, and other characteristics, make up an admirable study.

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